Chronicles

December 1995 A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE $3.95

THE GOVERNMENT vs. THE PEOPLE

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BACK ISSUES of *CHRONICLES*

KEEPING THE FAITH: LIFE IN POST-CHRISTIAN AMERICA—December 1994—Philip Jenkins on the radicalism in the Episcopal Church, Thomas Fleming on the case for religious boycotts, Thomas Molnar on the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, and John Patrick Zmirak on AIDS and the wrath of God. Plus Jacob Neusner on the left's hijacking of Judaism, and Sanford Pinsker on affirmative action and the Lubavitcher Rebbe.

LOST IN THE MAZE: CRIME IN AMERICA—January 1995—Philip Jenkins on serial murder and the nature of evil, Steven Goldberg on black murder, Thomas Fleming on crime and welfare, and Samuel Francis on globo-cop. Plus Derrick Turner on Britain's immigration crisis, and James Scruton on Peter Davison's study of Boston poets, *The Fading Smile*.

WORLD WAR II: THE REST OF THE STORY—February 1995—Anthony Harrigan on Allied war crimes, George Watson on Alfred Rosenberg, Ralph de Toledano on Russian collaboration with the Nazis, and Ralph Walker-Willis on the 442nd Japanese-American regiment. Plus Paul Gottfried's review of David Frum's *Dead Right*.

TURNING RIGHTS INTO WRONGS: THE SUPREME COURT VS. THE BILL OF RIGHTS—March 1995—William J. Quirk and R. Randall Bridwell on the evils of judicial review, Jerry Woodruff on the assault on the Second Amendment, Ronin Colman on the drive for state sovereignty, and Christopher Baldwin on jury-rigging. Plus Samuel Francis on Charles Murray's and Richard Herrnstein's *The Bell Curve*.

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MEN VS. WOMEN—May 1995—George Watson on the death of feminism, Mark Racho on the disappearance of the lady, Clay Reynolds on sexual harassment in the academy, and Thomas Fleming on "What do women want?" Plus Laurie Morrow on the film *Little Women*, and John Lofton on Madonna and Norman Mailer.

PROPHETIC VOICES—June 1995—Wendell Berry on the country writer, Gore Vidal on political rhetoric, Thomas Fleming on Ford Madox Ford, Stacey Kors on poet Peter Russell, and Paul Lake on Frederick Turner. Plus Max Oelschlaeger on sociobiologist Edward O. Wilson, and student reports on the perverse and political.

IMMIGRATION AND THE AMERICAN IDENTITY—July 1995—Murray Rothbard on the American identity, E. Christian Kopff on America's classical heritage, Harold O.J. Brown on our Christian tradition, and Hans-Hermann Hoppe on the consequences of forced integration. Plus Thomas Fleming on the immigration catastrophe, and Paul Craig Roberts' review of *Alien Nation* by Peter Brimelow.

***E PLURIBUS UNUM*: REGIONALISM—ALIVE AND KICKING**—August 1995—Robert L. Dorman on the region in American history, Chilton Williamson, Jr., on the American frontier, Allan Carlson on the Midwest, and John Shelton Reed on the South past and present. Plus Congressman Robert K. Dornan on the need for public virtue, and Philip Jenkins on the Oklahoma bombing.

MULTICULTURALISM AND EDUCATION—September 1994—Mary Lefkowitz on Afrocentrist mythology, Jacob Neusner on the ghetto of Jewish studies, Nicholas Stix on black English, Charles King on multiculturalism in theory and practice, and Jonathan Chaves on true Asian studies. Plus Derrick Turner on the British right and J.O. Tate's review of Ann Douglas's *Terrible Honesty: Mongrel Manhattan in the 1920's*.

U.N. BLUES: THE SURRENDER OF AMERICAN SOVEREIGNTY—October 1994—Thomas Fleming on European union, Alfred E. Eckes on the perils of "free trade" pacts, William R. Hawkins on the usurpation of military sovereignty, Theodore Pappas on the Bricker Amendment, and Christopher Check on the U.N.'s Convention on the Rights of the Child. Plus E. Christian Kopff on Régis Debray's *Charles de Gaulle: Futurist of the Nation*.

FREE-MINDED SCOTS—November 1995—Michael Hill on Scots nationalism, Don Livingston on David Hume as a champion of America, Jeremy Black on Scottish and American history, and E. Christian Kopff on Douglas Young. Plus Thomas Fleming on the poet and the state, Theodore Pappas on Sherlock Holmes and Arthur Conan Doyle, G. Douglas Nicoll on Caledonians in the American Heartland, and Michael Hill on *Braveheart*.

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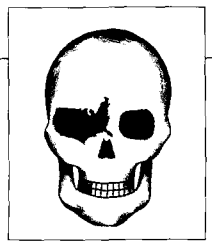

PERSPECTIVE

Under Western Lies 8
by Thomas Fleming

On the wrong side of the barrel.

VIEWS

Defenders of Democracy by Philip Jenkins 12
Covert policing and dirty tricks.

Child Abuse at Waco by David B. Kopel 16
The true abusers at Mount Carmel.

Back From the Brink by Ronin Colman 21
The second war against gunowners.

Uncivil Liberties by Greg Kaye 24
Petition at your own risk.

OPINIONS

Post Mortem by Robert C. Whitten 28
Michael R. Gordon and Bernard E. Traynor: *The Generals' War: The Inside Story of the Conflict in the Gulf.*
How Colin Powell measures up.

Up From Television by The Reverend Ian Boyd 31
His Holiness John Paul II: *Crossing the Threshold of Hope.*
Chaotic but constructive.

REVIEWS

Paul Gottfried assesses *The Rise of Neoconservatism: Intellectuals and Foreign Affairs, 1945-1994* by John Ehrman ◆ 33
Forced Justice: School Desegregation and the Law by David J. Armor explodes many myths, writes **William J. Watkins, Jr.** ◆ **Loxley F. Nichols** recommends *In the Tennessee Country* by Peter Taylor ◆

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Waco: A Visit to Mount Carmel 37
by Mary Alice Cook

Letter From Alabama: Judge Roy Moore v. the ACLU 39
by Michael Hill

Letter From Paris: Bulldozing into Trouble 39
by Curtis Cate

VITAL SIGNS

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: General Lewis MacKenzie on the Balkans War 42
by Kenneth McDonald

LAW ENFORCEMENT: The Mark of the Beast 43
by Larry Pratt

Trespassing in the City 45
by Paul Kirchner

EDUCATION: The War on Homeschoolers 46
by Christopher Check

ENVIRONMENT: The New Conservation Movement 48
by Jim Christie

WOMEN: Bitch, Bitch, Bitch 49
by Laurie Morrow

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 5

POETRY
Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Hawk 11
Refusal to Exercise and 15
Thanksgiving Hymn by Gail White 20

ON THE COVER

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DECEMBER 1995/3

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EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

MANAGING EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Michael Washburn

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harold O.J. Brown, Katherine Dalton, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, Christine Haynes, E. Christian Kopff, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Bill Kauffman, Jacob Neusner, John Shelton Reed, Momcilo Selic

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
Allan C. Carlson

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

PRODUCTION SECRETARY
Anita Candy

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On Catron County

The first half of Chilton Williamson's September essay, "Circuit Rider," is a joy to read. The second half is also well written, but has no reality to it. The idea that Catron County, New Mexico, is fighting for some grounded life against federal interference founders if the facts are known.

The facts are that Catron County long ago abused and used up its trees and grass. There is nothing left to log, and the cows are down to eating the dirt and hanging out in stream bottoms, waiting for a blade of grass to push above ground. Present residents of Catron County are simply fighting the feds and environmentalists for the right to burn what's left of the furniture. As for it being a remnant of the Old West, that's a joke: statistics show that the county has had a huge in-migration, and most leaders of the county movement are newcomers to the county.

The truth of the inland West, and not just of Catron County, is that the place is an ecological mess—a 1930's dust bowl without the blowing dust. Because ranchers, loggers, and dam builders have abused the place for so many decades, it can no longer economically sustain life on the land without federal subsidies. It is why the West's senators are more socialist than the Soviets ever were. It is also why ranches have sold off to newcomers the way the fender and fuel pump are sold off a car that will no longer run. The West is being parted out just like that junked car. All those Californians driving through Colorado and New Mexico and Utah whom Williamson mocked are simply on the lookout for an empty piece of exhausted land on which to build their dream house. They'll find plenty. Westerners have been hard at work for decades.

—*Ed Marston*
Publisher, High Country News

Mr. Williamson Replies:

Catron County is a red flag, isn't it? My friend Ed Marston is not usually so choleric.

Marston claims that there is nothing left to log in Catron County. But a forest fire there last summer in an area where a timber sale had been denied on account of the 28 owl "core" zones it included destroyed 9-11 million board feet. The adjacent area, which did not burn, remains a fine stand of timber. (Of course, if the owls have relocated there, it can't be logged either.) As for grass, I have observed numerous blades of it in my several visits to Catron County. According to a recent report, late summer rains following years of drought have improved the range significantly.

Marston's statistics showing huge emigration to Catron County are puzzling, as the county has lost considerable population in the last few years. He may have in mind, however, the arrival of militia types who believed the propaganda spread by environmentalists regarding the county-rights movement, and, concluding that Catron County is a congenial home for outlaws and anarchists, moved there. In fact, they play no role in the lawful confrontation between Reserve, NM, and Washington, D.C. If the three commissioners are outsiders, they are probably Somalis as well. Hugh B. McKean's family has lived in Catron County for more than a hundred years and John Hand for 40 years, while Carlos Livingston is a fourth or fifth generation resident. Danny Fryar, the county manager, also goes back several generations, and Jim Catron, the commissioners' legal counsel, is—as I mentioned in my piece—a descendant of New Mexico's pioneers. So much for the joke about the county movement's leaders being newcomers to Catron County.

Marston's description of the intermountain West as a dust bowl destroyed by Westerners is a howling exaggeration, and a sweeping generalization as well. But even if it weren't, why single out Westerners for criticism of their flawed stewardship? Have Northeasterners, Southerners, or Midwesterners done any better at preserving their own portions of the country? And what about "all those Californians," fleeing the once-lovely state they have managed to ruin in a couple of generations? Like locusts, they are moving on to find someplace else to consume. If the West is such a mess, why do environmentalists want to live here? The answer is, the West is still the West, and the environmentalist movement represents an even greater takeover attempt than the already slackening migration from California.

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ROSS PEROT has thrown his hat into the ring, or at least halfway into the ring, since the billionaire has only promised to use his wealth and fundraising abilities to start a party which may or may not put him at the head of the ticket. The week before, another billionaire, Steve Forbes, announced that he would spend $25 million of his own fortune to make himself President over the heads of millionaire politician Robert Dole and millionaire S&L investor Bill Clinton. Waiting in the wings is millionaire author and former soldier Colin Powell, who with the slightest effort could milk a whole herd of contented fat-cow contributors.

Money talks and Phil Gramm knows what walks: in announcing his candidacy, Senator Gramm boasted of his bulging bank roll as his single greatest asset, and both Bob Dole and Lamar Alexander have seen his bet and raised. The voters who did not turn out to support Jerry Brown must have thought he was kidding when he declared that our democratic elections are for sale to the highest bidder. Poor Governor Brown was virtually booed by the press when he merely hinted that Bill and Hillary Clinton had some strange dealings with Whitewater Savings and Loan.

What does it mean for America, when only billionaires or people who sell themselves to billionaires can run for high public office? History gives us the answer. In 193 A.D., the death of the emperor Pertinax incited a bidding war among rich Romans eager to buy the support of the Praetorian Guard whose swords could make and unmake emperors. The high bidder was Didius Julianus, who stayed in power for only two months until he was murdered by his successor, a very tough soldier who turned the empire into a military dictatorship.

Power is for sale in America: we all know it, but it will not be too long before some people—generals or business tycoons or gang lords—will get sick of the charade and get down to the serious business of ruling by decree.

—Thomas Fleming

ABC NEWS recently broadcast contradictory stories about the Balkans War. The first story highlighted a press conference where NATO personnel denied that Americans were engaged in warfare and that any Serb civilians had been killed during the thousands of round-the-clock sorties conducted by NATO forces. Reporting this "news" without a hint of skepticism, Peter Jennings then segued into a story about the brave American pilots flying these missions from their base in Aviano, Italy, showing home-based warriors breakfasting with their families in the morning, going off to war in the afternoon, and returning home in time to tuck their children in at night. How Americans can go off to war when they are not engaged in war, ABC News never explained.

The soldier's life has radically changed since the days of Antietam, Ypres, and Okinawa. When the world powers wage war today, it's a sanitized business, which can annihilate an enemy while dirtying neither the nails nor the consciences of the warriors, who suffer no deprivations, run few risks, and witness none of death and destruction they inflict; let the poor of the Third World bloody their hands with physical combat. For our part, we have the luxury of dropping bombs from high altitudes, launching cruise missiles from distant waters, and blasting tonnage from tanks stationed miles from their targets. And as long as cumbersome ground forces are never introduced, which only confound the situation from the military's point of view by breeding controversies over body counts and quagmires and lights at the end of tunnels, all such actions can be justified as measures "short of war."

That this high-tech, low-risk approach to warfare succeeds was proved in America's Agincourt-like victories over Iraq. But its military benefit goes beyond the mere tactical: by detaching soldiers from the devastation they wreak, the military can better prevent them from associating cause with effect, from experiencing any sense of guilt or responsibility for their actions that could hinder their blind devotion to the task at hand. Moreover, by keeping its distance from the actual battlefield, the military can rely on "plausible denial" if ever questioned about "killing fields" or "collateral damage." Like the tree that doesn't exist because no one can see it or hear its fall, so too with the cries of the wounded and maimed.

But in the Balkans War, America has taken New Age warfare to a novel level, beyond anything even witnessed in the Persian Gulf War. Though armed with the same high-tech weaponry now in use against Bosnian Serbs, soldiers of Desert Storm were nevertheless uprooted from their homes and families and friends; they were still susceptible to the boredom and psychological dislocations historically associated with war and which can over time erode a soldier's confidence in his country's war aims. The American pilots in Aviano, however, never have to sever these critical ties that bind; they go off to war in much the same fashion as a machinist would leave home for the factory. They kiss the wife good-bye, drive the kids to school, bomb people in the afternoon, and return home in time for dinner with the family. ABC's message was clear: though busy with round-the-clock airstrikes, America's military hasn't forgotten the importance of "family values." As the children of one pilot replied when asked what it was like to have daddy go daily off to war, "It's really not bad."

Five, 50, or even 100 years from now, the Serbs will still hate the Croats, the Muslims still despise the Christians, and the Balkans will remain the powder keg it has always been; no number of NATO bombings will alter this reality. Of greater consequence will be America's perfection of modern warfare, for by depersonalizing war while at the same time personalizing life for the warrior, the country has mastered what empires throughout history have always sought: the most efficient and effective manner of using the empire's forces abroad.

Ingenuity of this sort is quintessentially American. It is the logical outgrowth of our obsession with scientific management and the managerial state, and whether the pilots of Aviano realize it or not, they are mere tools in a long search for the maximum efficiency of man and machine. Call it a mission of mercy or rank gunboat diplomacy, but Taylorism is alive and flying sorties at the front.

—Theodore Pappas

HIGH COUNTRY NEWS, the environmentalist newspaper founded by Tom Bell, a former rancher, in Lander, Wyoming, in 1970 turned 25 this year,

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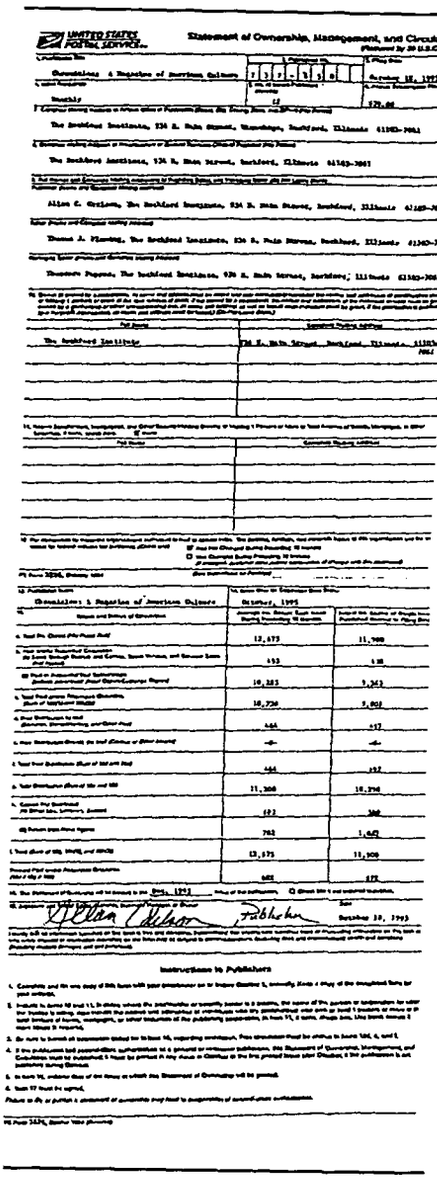
and since the weekend of September 8 was forecast to be a fine one I decided to attend the anniversary celebration. HCN has been based for about a decade or so in Paonia, Colorado, but the meeting was scheduled in Lander to honor the paper's birthplace. It is 150 miles from Kemmerer to Lander, with a single town—Farson, population 250 or so—between them at the midway point. East of Farson the tawny plain swept upward to the foothills of the Wind River Range, its peaks shadowed by thunderclouds and streaked by last year's snows. On the South Pass the wind as usual was strong enough to topple Hannibal's elephants, and it was still blowing strong out of the mountains as I approached Lander and put up at the Pronghorn Lodge, where the friends of *High Country News* had begun to gather and spill into the Lander Bar across the bridge on the other side of the Popo Agie River.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Ordinarily, 150 miles is an insufficient distance between me and 100 or more mostly urban environmentalists gathered for an orgy of self-congratulation. But *High Country News* is different. It is an excellent publication, usually well-written and always informative: the intermountain West's only regional newspaper, full of information regarding the social, political, economic, and demographic calamities—as well as the environmental ones—taking place throughout the West. Again and again while traveling, poking around in the back of beyond, I have stumbled upon some remote town, bit of wilderness, or event that I recognized from something I had read several months before in HCN. Of course, its point of view is biased, but so is mine. Before the morning session I was introduced to Betsy Marston, the paper's editor, and shook hands with the publisher, Ed Marston, whom I had never met though we have corresponded for ten years. "I just wrote you a nasty letter," he said (see page four). Ed, a former college professor from New York City, arrived in the West in the late 70's, around the same time I did. The morning was devoted to conversation among the members of a selected panel of speakers, who during the afternoon session took questions from the audience. The panel included a retired veterinarian turned rancher from Oregon, a woman cattle rancher from western South Dakota, Ed Quillen (a columnist for the *Denver Post* who lives in Salida, Colorado), Tom Bell, and a former female Olympic champion who is now an environmental activist in eastern California. The discussions were sensible and interesting until after lunch, when the readership began to be heard from: as with many publications or journals of opinion, the fanatics are found among the subscribers, not on the editorial board. I bailed out after a while and repaired to the Lander Bar for a few beers with a jack Mormon couple from Salt Lake City. After dinner Patricia Limerick, the revisionist professor of Western literature from the University of Colorado at Boulder, did a standup impersonation of a revisionist professor of Western literature from the University of Colorado at Boulder, while I sat on my hands. Ed Marston has promised to give up his myth of the West if I will give up mine. But myths are not the opposite of reality, they are the heart of it. They are also a writer's stock in trade, and the stuff of literature—as Professor Limerick, to her credit, knows.

I skipped the dance that followed, attended Mass at Our Lady of the Rosary next morning, and was on the road by ten around the southern end of the Wind Rivers where snow fell above 8,000 feet. Far out on the desert a few riders were pushing sheep beneath black clouds and forks of occasional lightning. If it is true, as environmentalists implicitly claim, that pastoralism is no longer an environmentally supportable way of life, then it seems to me the human race might as well cry uncle. Or maybe it is just the environmentalists who should.

—*Chilton Williamson, Jr.*

ALEXANDER COCKBURN, columnist for the *Nation* and author of *Corruptions of Empire* and *The Golden Age Is In Us*, has long been regarded as an enforcer of far-left orthodoxy. But in recent months, Cockburn has taken an unorthodox stance on such issues as the militia movement, the "county supremacy" movement, and federal police power. When Cockburn spoke in Madison, Wisconsin, during a tour to promote *The Golden Age Is In Us*, he said in response to a question from the audience that he would not oppose abolishing the BATF or reducing the powers of the FBI. He has also made a serious effort, in the *Nation* and other publications, to change the prevailing image of militia members as tobacco-chewing, "nigger-hating" rednecks.

After attending a gun rally in Michigan last June, Cockburn reported in the *Nation* that far from being the "mini-Nuremberg" other leftists had predicted, the event was tame and marked by civility. The literature sold there conveyed "the usual reasonable populist concern with government surveillance and the threat of world government."

In a July issue of the *Nation*, Cockburn finds it "disheartening to find out how many on the left-liberal end of the spectrum hope earnestly for a ferocious pogrom against the militias and all those 'linked' to them . . . and, at the end of the day, summary fusillades by government SWAT teams to finish off the dissenters." In another issue last summer, he complained of "a post-Oklahoma City cottage industry in left-pwog journalism, featuring the whole of redneck or working-class America as part of some vast

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neo-Nazi or K.K.K. network, thus giving an agreeable *frisson* to the genteel reader."

In Cockburn's view, leftists have made a grave mistake in failing to understand—and often misrepresenting—the nature and aims of the militias. In the June 26 *Nation*, Cockburn wondered, "How come people oppressed by economic circumstances and government predations who take up arms and defy the state in southern Mexico are hailed in *The Nation* and other pwog publications as virtuous revolutionaries, whereas those in the West and Midwest who do the same thing are reflexively denounced as Nazis?" Cockburn recommended that "instead of whining on about the right, and discovering to its apparent stupefaction that the N.R.A. and Pat Buchanan direct their appeals to the right, *The Nation* should try to offer some political vision, develop positive programs of its own, and stop . . . remitting info to the F.B.I. about the redneck menace."

—*Michael Washburn*

SENATOR BOB PACKWOOD, a left-wing Republican, enjoyed the support of Republican bigwigs, including Senator Robert Dole, until he crossed the path of left-wing Democrat Barbara Boxer, who finally brought him to book for molesting women. Ironically, Packwood was a darling of the feminists. On abortion, he was Mr. Reliable. He supported federal funding for Planned Parenthood (is there a conflict of interest here?), and even though many of them apparently spurned his many romantic overtures, Packwood tried to help the ladies girdle the Constitution with an Equal Rights Amendment.

On taxing and spending, Packwood had a mixed record. The National Taxpayers Union viewed him as a moderate who tried to help cut federal spending when he could, and his record in the 103rd Congress shows that he voted for decreasing federal spending by about $39 billion. Yet he sponsored or cosponsored legislation that would have increased federal spending by $669 million. Citizens Against Government Waste gave him a lifetime rating of about 50 out of a possible 100 for his voting record, but his latest annual tally dropped him below 40, a territory almost solely the preserve of Democrats. Among other things, he's a famous supporter of energy research that has no end, such as that for the liquid-metal and fusion reactors. Packwood also supported the Pentagon's Civilian Marksmanship Program, which predates World War I and teaches civilians how to shoot rifles, hardly a necessity in an age of laser sights. In any event, as he was on fiscal matters, Packwood was a mixed bag on gun control. He opposed cutting the congressional budget, and like many Republicans, even supported the federal program that pays to advertise the products of American corporations overseas.

As for Packwood's rectitude as a public official, his diaries tell almost as sordid a tale on that subject as they do about his clumsy attempts at amour. They are full of references to illegal campaign fundraising activities. In one entry, Packwood admitted that a few ideas discussed at a private meeting with Senator Phil Gramm, if brought to fruition, would result in jail time.

Losing Packwood was hardly a setback for Republican conservatives, which poses the question of why they fumbled an opportunity to promote themselves as the pro-family party of morals and virtue. Dumping Packwood was a no-brainer, especially when it became clear he really was the lecher described by his accusers. But Dole and Company, bitter-enders when it comes to one of their own, never got the point. Senator Mitch McConnell, the Kentuckian in charge of the Senate Ethics Committee, strongly opposed holding public hearings on Packwood's crimes and misdemeanors, and few if any Republicans, including presidential candidate Dole, said much about him at all. Instead of booting Packwood immediately, they began attacking Packwoodian Democrats.

What about Ted Kennedy? Hilariously, Republicans threatened to hold hearings on Chappaquiddick and perhaps explore Kennedy's other exploits. Just as they must earn respect and love, men must also earn loyalty. Justice, however, is another matter. Everyone deserves justice, and sometimes, a man must administer just punishment to a friend. If the Republicans on Capitol Hill understood that, justice for their friend Packwood would have been summary, as swift and sure as the necktie party held for Steve when the Virginian caught his dear friend rustling cattle.

—R. *Cort Kirkwood*

OBITER DICTA: *Chronicles* readers who have enjoyed Derrick Turner's reports in these pages on English politics and culture may wish to sample *Right Now!*, his quarterly journal published in London. Written with the liveliness that marks Turner's essays, *Right Now!* is kicking sand in the faces of apologists for the Third World invasion of the West. To subscribe, send a check for $15 to *Right Now!*, BCM Right, London WC1N 3XX, England. A sample copy may be purchased for $5.

* * *

Count Nikolai Tolstoy has received a reprieve. The February issue of *Chronicles* featured an article by Anthony Harrigan on Count Tolstoy's campaign to draw attention to the plight of White Russians shipped back to Russia in World War II. For his efforts, Tolstoy was hit with a multimillion-dollar lawsuit alleging that he had libeled those responsible for the deportations. But in July, as *The Guardian* reports, the European Court of Human Rights ruled that the sentence imposed on Tolstoy was too severe, and he will now pay a smaller sum.

* * *

Christina Jeffrey, a contributor to *Chronicles* whose appointment as House historian was ended by a scandal over her criticisms of a school curriculum on the holocaust, has been exonerated by the Anti-Defamation League of all charges of anti-Semitism, the *Washington Post* reported in September. As ADL Director Abraham Foxman remarked, "If the speaker now gives her a job, we would say, 'God bless.'"

* * *

Chronicles is now available in the following Connecticut locations: Borders Bookstore, 1041 High Ridge Rd., Stamford; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 360 Connecticut Ave., Norwalk; News Haven, 1058 Chapel St., New Haven; Barnes & Noble Superstore, Danbury Sq., Danbury; Archway News, 64 Bank St., New Milford; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 200 Universal Dr. North, North Haven.

Samuel Francis, whose Principalities & Powers column typically follows this section, is on vacation this month.

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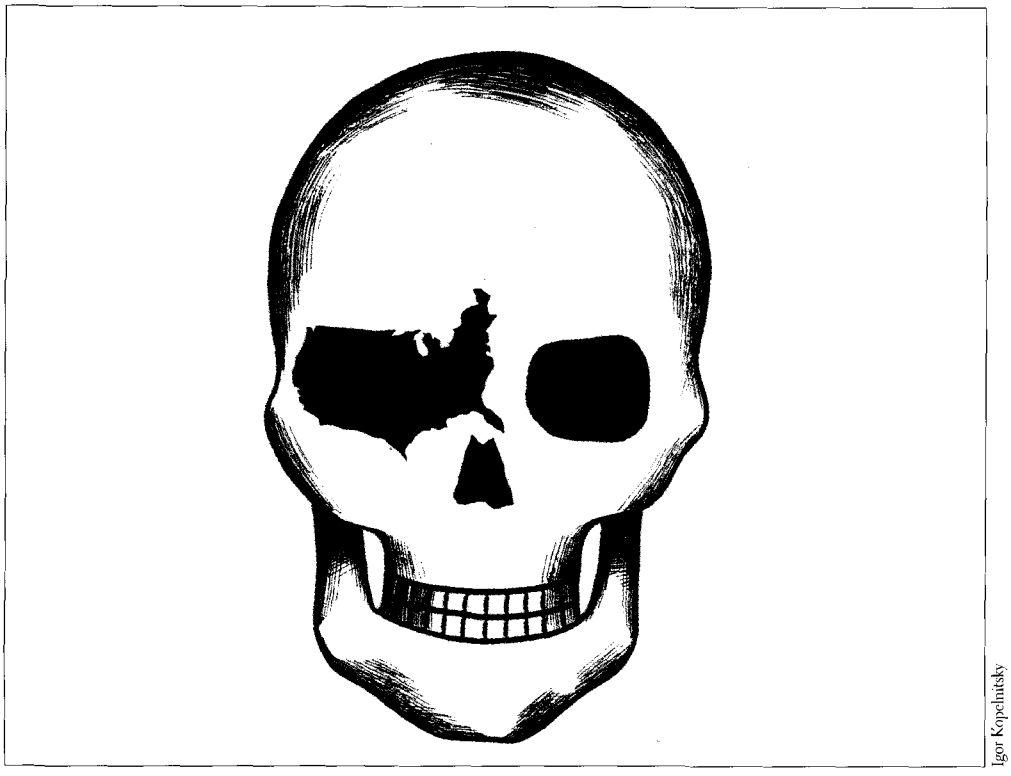

Igor Kopelnitsky

Under Western Lies

by Thomas Fleming

One hot evening at the end of August I was walking up South Michigan Avenue with an Irish-American linguist on the way to eat in a German-American restaurant. The news was filled with reports on the NATO bombing raids against the Bosnian Serbs, but no one on the street seemed to care that an American President had declared death and devastation against a people whom neither he nor his principal advisors could locate on a map. Looking out at all the smiling faces of rich proletarians on their way home to thaw out the suppers that would complement an evening with *Friends*, I thought of how unfair we had been to blame the Germans who lived through the Third Reich, oblivious to the crimes committed by the Nazis.

The Germans did not know because they did not want to know, any more than their American cousins wanted to think about what their own generals were doing to Dresden, to Milan, to Hiroshima, any more than the well-dressed serfs out here on the streets of Chicago are willing to listen, even for a minute, to the crackpot on the corner denouncing the Serbian genocide. "We didn't know; Peter Jennings never told us."

You might want to argue that this indifference to foreign policy, criminal or not, is a sign of health, along the lines of "Lord give me the serenity to accept what I cannot change." But there is a difference between serenity and this bovine placidity that blinds us to our own government's criminal actions. A people this docile deserves the fate that is in store for them, when their rulers will turn their Balkans-hardened troops against them.

It is a dissociating experience, going between the CNN reports in my hotel room and the Symposium on the Balkans War sponsored by the Lord Byron Foundation. On the screen is a series of official spokesmen—fresh-faced kids boasting and gloating over what the richest and most powerful nations of the world can do to punish a million Orthodox Christians who have endured fire and sword, conquest and slavery for over 500 years, while down at the conference, one competent expert after another patiently explains the facts of the situation—facts that will never enter the pages of an American newspaper until it is too late.

Michael Shuttleworth, a diplomat and EC monitor, tells how he checked out a story that the Serbs were using Muslim patients in an asylum to clear minefields. After much effort, he discovers the truth, that brave Serb doctors and nurses have stayed close to the front in order to minister to their charges, but the journalist to whom he gives the story acts on the principle enunciated in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*: "This is the West, when the legend becomes truth, print the legend."

It is hardly worth the effort to pretend that American newspapers are independent. Ben Bradlee, former editor of the *Washington Post*, was asked by Peter or Dan or Tom about the

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propriety of printing the Unabomber's declaration, especially under pressure from Attorney General Janet Reno. Bradlee was painfully candid, explaining that there was nothing to be said, even supposing there ever had been, in favor of an independent press, adding that all that was really important was to serve the public interest, that is, doing what government officials tell you to do.

It is easy to forget that the original pretext for the NATO bombing was to punish the Serbs for the August 28 explosion in Sarajevo. American armies have never been reluctant to bomb civilians, and even if Serb mortar shells might be justified as a routine event in the siege of any city, the fact is that we do not actually know who is responsible for either of the explosions in Sarajevo. In the famous Markale marketplace blast, it proved impossible to pin it on the Serbs, and the U.N. seems to be backing off on the August incident that triggered the NATO bombing raids. Two of the U.N.'s own specialists, a Russian and a Canadian, expressed misgivings about the report blaming the Serbs. In fact, fairly early on the NATO commanders virtually admitted their error, when Willy Claes in an interview used the ominous phrase "assuming the Serbs are responsible." In a recent article in the *Nation*, David Binder points out that Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke had threatened airstrikes three days before the Sarajevo explosion. Binder draws the obvious conclusion: "Clearly airstrikes had already been planned before Holbrooke set off for the Balkans to push President Clinton's peace plan. Only a pretext was needed." The secret was apparently not well kept, since even Martin Peretz had said, at least a week before in the *New Republic*, that it was time for President Clinton to take dramatic action.

If foreknowledge implies complicity, the Russians have gone further in claiming that the August explosion was a setup, known in advance to the West. ITAR-TASS—a source that is admittedly no more reliable than our own press agencies—reports that a "top Russian military intelligence officer said the two explosions at the Sarajevo market were masterminded by a Western secret service as a pretext for the bombings and were executed by Muslim field commander Rahim Delic." Whom to believe, the Russian or the American official press? Ordinarily I'd say it's a toss-up, but in this case, where the Russians have not committed themselves, TASS is more credible.

The world becomes a very dangerous place every four years, when candidates must enter into macho-man patriotism contests—my saber's longer than your saber. The Democrats—including the President—had been somewhat nervous over the prospect of a draft-dodger sending men into combat, but this summer, the administration was steadily drawn into a more aggressive position, openly applauding the Croatian advance and probably conniving at it beforehand, backing up a new peace plan with the threat of airstrikes and military aid to the Bosnian Muslims as well as an invitation to Muslim countries to replace withdrawing U.N. so-called peacekeepers, and now by a brutal bombing campaign that caused incalculable "collateral damage"—the polite military term for the murder of civilians.

The Clinton administration did not try to disguise its motives. In mid-August, senior White House officials were telling the *New York Times* that Mr. Clinton did not "relish going into the 1996 election hostage to fortune in the Balkans." The problem was Senator Dole's threat to override the President's veto of the resolution lifting the arms embargo. Clinton had to act before the end of the congressional recess. Other officials explained that the President had to preempt Bob Dole before Congress returns from summer recess—since Dole had promised to override Clinton's veto of legislation lifting the arms embargo on the Muslims. The day after the bombing started, Senator Dole backed off on his threat.

Do not imagine for a minute that the Republicans will be content to be left behind. The party's leaders are itching for a showdown, with Clinton even more than with the Serbs. The leading Republican saber-rattler is Senator Bob Dole, who has spent several years denouncing President Clinton, former President Carter, and all the other appeasers who stand in the way of the crusade for democracy that Senator Dole would like to launch upon the Balkans. Perhaps a better word would be *jihad*, since the Senate Majority Leader wants to help the Albanian Muslims of Kosovo, the Serbian Muslims of Bosnia, and the Muslim rebels in Chechnya. There is only one part of the world where Mr. Dole does not defend Muslim dissidents, rebels, and terrorists, the same part of the world that is immune to the Republicans' promise to cut foreign aid. "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," and no one would accuse any American senator of letting consistency get in the way of fund-raising.

The situation is complex. The Republican Party has been, at least in recent decades, a staunch ally of Israel, and Israel's friends in the United States have contributed handsomely to Republican as well as Democratic campaigns. Israel's decision to back the Bosnian Muslims seems bizarre, given the realities of history. Many Jews know that Serbs have been their only protectors in the Balkans, and some—both in Israel and the United States—have heroically tried to put a stop to the propaganda, but why should there be any love between Israel and the sons of Nazis, on the one hand, and, on the other, an Islamic fundamentalist regime?

One answer lies in Israel's precarious position in the Middle East. It is highly convenient, for diplomatic and propaganda purposes, to support Muslims in Europe in order to defuse the charge that Israel is anti-Muslim and in order to establish some basis for collaboration with Arab states, and one must not discount the influence of the U.S. State Department upon Israel's Labor government. There is also the seductive attraction offered by the holocaust analogies that have been so shamelessly employed by the Muslims' American PR agents. Martin Peretz knows about as much about the Balkans as I know about quantum mechanics, but he knows he is in favor of bombing the Serbs, because, as he says, "Jews recognize a genocide when there is one."

The importance of Israel's decision to sell out the Serbs should not be underestimated; it not only adds respectability to the holocaust analogy, but it also offers incentives to political saber-rattlers who count on support from American Jews. From the perspective of American Jews, the terrible irony is that the Republican Party has had a long-standing friendship with Croatian Nazis in the United States. A recent book, *The Secret War Against the Jews*, supplies convincing evidence that the Eisenhower administration deliberately facilitated the immigration of Nazi refugees, particularly from Croatia, at the same time that the GOP was forming a so-called ethnic division primarily devoted to creating an ex-fascist ethnic opposition to Jewish influence. The creator of this ethnic division was Richard Nixon, who later promised to establish a permanent ethnic council within the GOP, and this promise was kept after

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the 1972 election when George Bush was chairman of the RNC. During Bush's tenure, "The Croatian *Ustashi* became an integral part of the campaign structure of Republican politics, along with several other Fascist organizations."

Croatian Americans are not the only source of funds. Rumor has it that rich Muslim states have not been content with shipping money to Albania and arms to Bosnia, that they have also managed to buy into the American media and to make campaign contributions to American politicians. Not so long ago, this was difficult. Fritz Mondale actually had to give back a campaign contribution from an Arab-American group. What a nightmare. A politician who can't take money is like the proverbial eunuch in a harem. But now, with Israel taking in Bosnian Muslim refugees and American Jewish groups comparing Mr. Karadjic to Hitler, it is completely safe to wallow in Arab oil money.

> Worst of all, a regime that whets its appetite for blood on Serbs, Iraqis, and Somalis has already shown that it has no reluctance about turning its guns against its own citizens.

These things are very difficult to track down—and dangerous even to hint at. What seems to confirm the persistent stories of the flow of Albanian money into the campaign chests of certain prominent politicians is the undeniable and otherwise inexplicable level of support for the Albanians in Kosovo, who have been practicing ethnic cleansing against the Serbs for 100 years. Clinton has threatened war, if the Serbs "invade" Kosovo, even though Kosovo is part of Serbia. Bob Dole, on the other hand, is almost monomaniacal on the question, and when he and his staff visit the region, I am told, the Senator refuses to meet with any Kosovo Serbs. It is simpler, apparently, to hear only one side of the story.

There are also sources of Albanian money closer to home. Albanian gangs have become expert in sophisticated burglary of jewelry stores and other high-income businesses. One Albanian arrested in California said he was raising money for the Albanian lobby.

Jerry Brown is absolutely right that the American government is bought and sold by interest groups, and the most dangerous sector of public venality is the foreign lobbying that goes on, not just in trade policy but even in matters of war and peace. So long as politicians are allowed to take bribes from foreign governments under the guise of campaign contributions from lobbyists and educational associations, American parents had better be prepared to send off their sons and daughters to die for the Emir of Kuwait or the Emir of Bosnia.

Not all bribery, however, is foreign. Domestic firms have obvious stakes in imperialist policies. The end of the Cold War was a disaster for the war industry. The Republican Contract with America calls for increases in "defense" spending and a new commitment to missile defense. In January, Senate Republicans called for an end to defense cuts. A freeze in defense spending will be fatal to any attempt to cut the budget (and the GOP's electoral strategy is heavily dependent upon budget-cutting), hence the scare language about unpreparedness—so reminiscent of JFK's nasty tactics in the 1960 election.

This spring, the *New York Times* ran a heartrending story to arouse sympathy for lobbyists: "Republicans Rule Lobbyists' World With Iron Hand" using "strong-arm tactics that are blunt even by Washington standards." But as little as we sympathize with these victimized lobbyists, their current plight is a clear indication of what really drives congressional budgets.

Let us add it up: bribery from foreign and domestic sources, abject ignorance of history and foreign languages, self-serving political gamesmanship; more simply—greed, stupidity, and lust for power—the basic elements of what George Bush called the New World Order. All that oilman George Bush really meant to imply by his feckless phrase was that American power would be used to make the world safe for multinational business corporations. Former CIA director Stansfield Turner almost says as much in an article in *Foreign Affairs* (Fall '91), where he argues that "economic strength should now be recognized as a vital component of national security" and suggests that the American government should "provide economic intelligence to specific American corporations."

The tactics of the transnational business elites differ vastly in degree, but not in kind from the neighborhood mob's efforts to corner prostitution, gambling, and drugs. What does the local mob do, if some rival insists on acting independently? The friends of Bugs Moran found out one St. Valentine's Day here in Chicago, when they were gunned down by the Capone mob. So did Saddam Hussein. Republican Senator Richard Lugar not only vigorously supported the Gulf War and is urging a repeat performance, but he is one of many Republican senators who favor extension of NATO protection to most or even all of Central and Eastern Europe. What Lugar fears most is what he calls "renationalization"—that is, the assertion of any national sovereignty that conflicts with American interests. This is now the primary role of NATO, according to the foreign minister of Belgium: "To prevent at all costs . . . the rekindling of nationalism as a result of a renaissance of the nation-state," and this statement is quoted with approval by our own Deputy Commander in Chief, U.S. European Command.

Americans may think they pay taxes to support a huge defense establishment in order to defend the United States, but our own political and military leaders say the opposite is true: our main goal, apparently, is to deprive every other people in Europe of their right to self-government and self-determination, on the grounds that it is dangerous to the global economy. Anyone who loves his country and his people more than he loves money constitutes a threat to the international order. For the giant oil and computer companies and media conglomerates, nationalism is necessarily a dirty word, because nations like to have control of their own resources; some of them pass protectionist laws sheltering their own businesses from cut-throat international competition; they may even have health, safety, and environmental regulations that interfere with profits. The way around these national barriers is through gigantic

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scams like NAFTA, GATT, and European Union. The very idea of a people determined to go its own way is the internationalist's worst nightmare.

Forget about the Serbs. I like them for personal reasons; there is no reason—apart from national honor—why you should care one way or another about these strange peoples who might just as well live on Rora Tonga or Mars as in the Balkans. But what does it mean for us as Americans, when our own ruling class, despite the collapse of communism, is determined to persist in waging perpetual war for perpetual peace? For us the outlook is very dim. Both parties are in favor of war, and only a few very Red Democrats favor the kind of defense cuts that could restore fiscal sanity to the federal government. The militarist regime imposed on us during World War II is never going to be dismantled, and the corporate welfare lavished on defense contractors will continue to empty our pockets and drain value from our dollar. Worst of all, a regime that whets its appetite for blood on Serbs, Iraqis, and Somalis has already shown that it has no reluctance about turning its guns against its own citizens. So far the assassins have been drawn from the ranks of the BATF and the FBI—soldiers who might better be described as ineffectives, rather than effectives. But with the emasculation of the Posse Comitatus Act, it will not be the armed geeks of the BATF kicking our doors in or burning us with the occasional tank or fully armed reconnaissance plane. Before long, we will be staring down the wrong side of the barrel of a gun wielded by soldiers of an all-volunteer army and Marine Corps that more and more resemble an army of Hessians, global rent-a-cops hired out by the world's police-state:

From the Halls of Montezuma,
to suburban Kankakee,
They will fight their country's battles
against guys like you and me.

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Editorial note: Before going to press, a London Times *story cast further doubt on NATO's report about the Sarajevo shell. French and British experts had "warned the U.S. that the mortar was Bosnian" but were overruled by a "senior American officer." On another front, the disingenuous NATO Secretary General Claes has been charged with taking bribes from an Italian defense contractor.*

Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Hawk

by Gail White

When the hawk swooped down into my woods and caught
up the rabbit, it was not at all the way
it looks on television, where wildebeest fall
to lions without a pang. The rabbit shrieked
and sent me into screaming terminal outrage.
I wanted it back. I wanted all the rabbits
back. I didn't give a damn about
the balance of nature, the population explosion
of rabbits that might inhale my entire lawn,
who's who on the food chain. I wanted hawks to eat grass.

But after a few days, the balance shifted.
You can't stay outraged forever at injustice
in the ecosystem, where everything is prey
that isn't hiding, and after all baby hawks
are fuzzy too. No doubt the parent raptors
hold PTA meetings where the reigning motto
is "Our chicks come first," and they all get sent
to private raptor schools. It may be just
weak-minded sentimentality, but I've come
to accept the fate of the rabbit (long since shredded
for the benefit of the fledglings) as a bit
of cosmic wisdom or even, in some weird way,
of cosmic love. Do I need to look any further
than my own family gathered for Thanksgiving dinner
to see the beaks and talons clawing in love?

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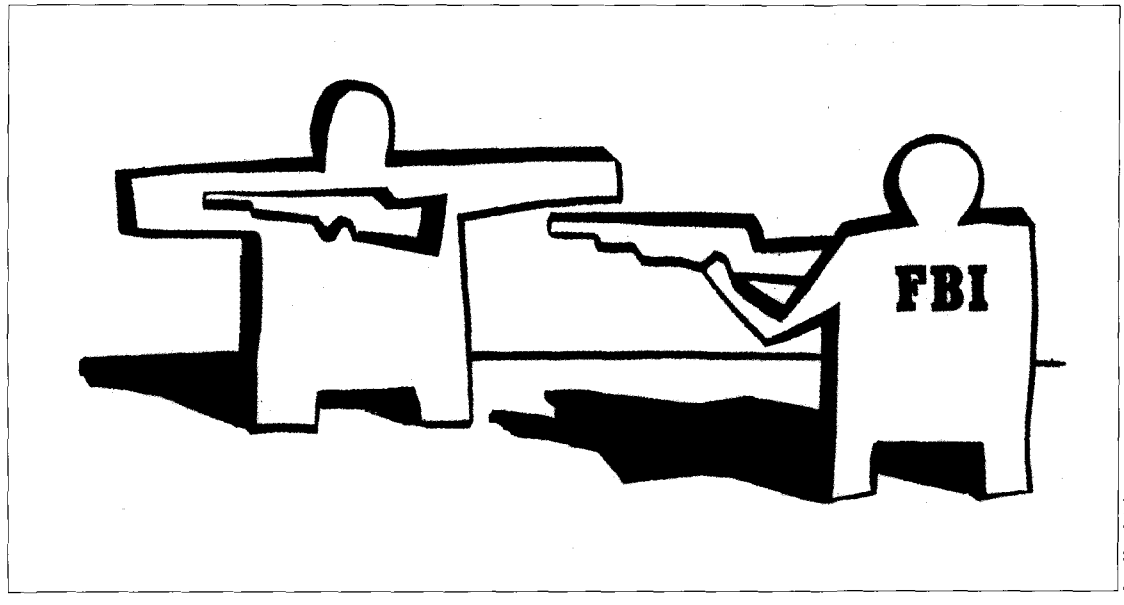
Defenders of Democracy

Covert Policing and Dirty Tricks

by Philip Jenkins



Igor Kopelnitsky

"High ranking police officials trained by the FBI and armed by a U.S. marshal formed a secret unit that may have committed political murders . . . under the banner of counter-terrorism, the secret police turned into terrorists." Until recently, most Americans reading such a news report would assume that it derived from the most eccentric radical tract, while even connoisseurs of conspiracy theory might have trouble placing the exact context. Never in the worst years of J. Edgar Hoover did the FBI ever go so far, and it seems a little extreme for the Nixon White House. In fact, the words quoted stem from the quite moderate pages of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which in 1992 reported on an antiradical operation devised by federal officials working out of the United States Marshals service. In the late 1970's, the deliciously named "Defenders of Democracy" "disappeared" individuals who might pose a threat to federal judges and apparently bombed the headquarters of the local Bar Association. One might think that this would be a major story, the sort of thing that actually brings down governments, until one realizes that the attacks in question occurred under the United States flag, but on the soil of Puerto Rico. As Graham Greene reminded us, the world can be neatly divided into those who can and cannot be tortured and "disappeared" with impunity, and the Defenders had the wisdom to direct their illegal acts at torturees. With a few honorable exceptions like the *Inquirer*, the national press treated the death squad affair with all the fanfare normally received by the retirement of a school crossing guard.

The oblivion into which this affair has sunk is indicative of the highly selective coverage accorded to official misdeeds, especially in the realm of covert policing and "dirty tricks." For much of its history, the United States lacked a clandestine police network of the sort that characterized every other advanced nation, but since the 1940's, the proliferation of secret agencies has more than made up for this absence. In the last half century, these bodies have repeatedly been caught out in acts of gross illegality, which in the Watergate years brought the whole apparatus to the verge of destruction. Recently, the investigations into the Waco disaster and the Randy Weaver incident have demonstrated a pattern of incredible incompetence and contempt for law and human life. However, the official response has been to reshuffle a few of the obvious culprits, while leaving untouched the overarching structure which permits and encourages misbehavior.

The obvious question is, how do they get away with it? One answer has been the thoroughly partisan nature of the public and political response to the acts in question and the selective nature of the outrage evoked. As with political scandals, tell me the high crimes and misdemeanors which make you irate, and I will deduce your ideological outlook with reasonable accuracy. Very few liberals evince the slightest concern about Vincent

Philip Jenkins heads the religious studies program at Penn State University. His most recent book is Pedophiles and Priests: Analysing a Social Crisis *(Oxford University Press). He is currently working on a history of far-right movements in the 1930's and 40's.*

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Foster and Whitewater, while conservatives shed few tears over the horrors of Iran-Contra. If asked about the dirty tricks of the federal justice agencies, the right will turn to Waco and Ruby Ridge with the same infallible instinct that draws the left to COINTELPRO and alleged CIA drug dealing. Worse, each side may be unwilling to condemn the atrocities wrought upon the other side. Randy Weaver was a white supremacist who got what he deserved; antiwar protesters of the 1960's were virtual traitors, who could not be treated with kid gloves.

The faction in sympathy with government thus demands ever more forceful action against its enemies on the familiar basis of "my enemy's enemy is my friend." Reagan-era conservatives demanded an iron fist policy against potential subversives on the left, and the removal of restrictions that supposedly tied the hands of the FBI. The recent debates over the Anti-Terrorism Bill presented the surreal spectacle of liberals calling for sweeping federal powers to fight white supremacists and militia extremists. With an airheaded lack of historical perspective, both sides appear to believe that the powers granted the federal government will consistently be used for the exact purposes for which they are requested and will never backfire against the original supporters. A vast body of precedent suggests that this belief is incredibly naive, that the real problem lies in the police apparatus itself. To complicate the proverb, just possibly, "my enemy's enemy is my enemy too." Conservatives properly exercised over the persecution of the religious right should pause to consider how far their grievances are in fact identical with those of their bitterest ideological enemies. The problem, in short, is the dirty tricks themselves, and not the direction in which they are aimed.

American history has many turning points, the dates which normally punctuate textbooks and college courses, but one of the least recognized is 1936. This was the year in which President Franklin Roosevelt ordered the FBI to undertake covert surveillance of Nazi and communist subversion in the United States. This can fairly be seen as the start of the internal security apparatus in the United States.

The government was principally interested in the far right at this time, in groups like the German-American Bund, the Silver Shirts, and Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic Christian Front. While these groups were both active and numerous, their strength was exaggerated out of all proportion by the organs of the left. The influential newssheet *The Week* typically presented the fascist right as a vast menace millions strong, engaged in systematic plots to sabotage the American war effort when the United States finally entered the world conflict. The fascists were said to be planning the mass sabotage of factories or agricultural production, the release of germ warfare, and the formation of secret armies. The "fifth column" was a national menace, demanding urgent intervention by the FBI. Such charges were music to the ears of the White House, which used the purported Nazi threat to justify interventionism on the Allied side, and so media friends of the administration played the charges for all they were worth. The FBI gained abundant new powers and prestige from their war on subversion.

Of the many ironies here, the most striking is the source of the fifth column charges, which were in fact taken from the contemporary Moscow show trials, and which American communists borrowed to stigmatize their domestic enemies. The Stalinist charges created a "Brown Scare" in 1939-1941, which in turn shaped public perceptions of foreign espionage. But from 1946, the same themes and ideas were turned against the left in a new Red Scare, in which the newly invigorated FBI rooted out the communists and exposed their devilish schemes of sabotage and fifth column plotting. As in 1940, a vast superstructure of myth and false accusation was erected upon a core of genuinely treasonous activism, a process made possible by the Red media campaigns of the Roosevelt years. While the political right may ultimately have benefited from the working-out of the cycle, the true beneficiaries were undoubtedly the federal police bureaucrats themselves. For the left, the lesson should have been (in the words of the cliché): be careful what you wish for—you may get it.

The lesson, of course, was learned neither by the left nor the right. For two decades after McCarthy, the right continued to lend support to the secret police agencies in their clandestine war on supposed communist plotting. Initially, the assumption was that leftist activism in the United States was orchestrated from Moscow, and was therefore a subset of the foreign espionage problem. In reality, this became a justification to interfere with any form of protest, however autonomous or constitutional in character. The most notorious manifestation was the Counter-Intelligence Program, COINTELPRO, which between 1956 and 1971 undertook nearly 300 actions against black groups alone. Martin Luther King and Malcolm X were both targeted for surveillance and "destabilization," countless petty acts of sabotage and rumormongering intended to destroy their careers and reputation. While the bureau probably had no role in the assassination of either man, their conduct over the previous decade was so devious and criminal as inevitably to excite such suspicions, and thus to promote an atmosphere of public paranoia.

An advanced industrial power like the United States certainly needs some kind of internal security agency, to warn of possible subversion and terrorism. The problem with the FBI in the Hoover years was that surveillance and intelligence gathering were rarely considered adequate, and had to be complemented by active measures to disrupt and destroy the potential subversives. This meant, for example, using bogus statements and rumors to excite rivalries within radical groups like the Black Panthers. *Agents provocateurs* were planted in civil rights and antiwar groups with a view to creating violence that could justify the suppression of the troublemakers.

The FBI was not the only agency engaged in this practice in the 1960's and 70's, as some of the worst provocation stemmed from police "Red Squads" in cities like New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Chicago. All used the same tactics, of employing individuals who would penetrate activist groups with thrilling suggestions about undertaking sniping on Michigan Avenue or bombing police precinct houses in Harlem. Some went further and established their own bogus radical groups with the purpose of discrediting the authentic radicals, and even confronting them physically, a policy which caused several deaths. In his widely read book *Low Intensity Operations*, British counterinsurgency expert Frank Kitson observes that the American Black Power movement of the 1960's was actually destroyed by such "pseudo-gangs" or police front organizations. So too was the American Indian Movement, AIM. Many radicals charged that official hands were involved in the operations of bizarre extremist and terrorist groups like the Symbionese Liberation Army of the mid-1970's. In Puerto Rico (which nobody cares about) federal agents organized bogus bombings and probably killed the leftists presumed guilty of the deeds.

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As long as they do not target white people, federal agencies can pretty much get away with murder; and in a powerful gesture toward equal opportunity, open season now appears to have been declared on white supremacists and "cultists."

> It would be nice if liberals were to criticize the investigation of rightist and fundamentalist churches and compounds, just as conservatives should have protested the disruption of liberal church activities in the 1980's.

When Congress discovered COINTELPRO and related schemes in the aftermath of Watergate, its reaction might be compared to that of the police officer in *Casablanca* who was shocked—*shocked*—to find what had been going on. That the FBI, of all agencies, had been violating legality in order to pursue radicals! In retrospect, we might ask cynically what else they had expected. However, the worst abuses of the antiradical campaigns did not involve acts of burglary or wiretapping or even the systematic character assassination of Martin Luther King. The most insidious perils lay in the whole culture of infiltration and provocation, which threatened to make official agencies accomplices to violence and even murder. The laws passed to control federal agencies in the mid-1970's laid down apparently strict constraints on the circumstances under which an investigation could be begun, but placed no effective limits on the nature of a countersubversive campaign once under way.

Under the Reagan administration, domestic countersubversive operations were regulated by Presidential Order number 12333 (1981) and the 1983 Attorney General's guidelines. Together, these rules permitted investigation and infiltration without specific suspicion of a crime in cases where evidence "reasonably indicates" that a group is connected to foreign espionage and international terrorism. A group also qualifies if it aims to achieve its "social or political goals wholly or in part through activities that involve force or violence." The words are branded on the souls of all federal agents to this day, but the walls of protection which they erect are paper-thin. I sometimes quote the passage to undergraduates and ask them how a federal agency can target anyone it pleases while still remaining within the "A. G.'s guidelines." A forest of hands goes up, and the correct answer shortly emerges: get someone, anyone, to say that group X is plotting violence, and you can do what you like.

Any American concerned with the protection of civil liberties should have on his or her desk a photograph of a well-intentioned Baptist pastor named Frank Varelli, who became the storm center of FBI attempts to suppress leftist critics of United States policy in his homeland of El Salvador. In the early 1980's, the Reagan administration was deeply concerned about left-wing activities in Central America and possible connections between these movements and radical counterparts in the United States. As in the Hoover years, the Reaganaut worldview saw public concern over conditions in that region as Soviet-inspired, and therefore likely to fall within the ambit of United States counterintelligence. Suspicions focused on the Committee for Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, CISPES, a coalition of leftist, liberal, and pacifist groups, with a hefty contingent of clergy and religious workers, mainly Catholics influenced by liberation theology. Varelli's sincere anticommunism led him to become an informant for the FBI in 1981, and he penetrated CISPES. Over the next two years, he found himself pushed to provide ever more damaging information about the group, specifically about violent actions that could justify a charge of terrorism. The accusations were forthcoming, apparently including a bogus account of an assassination attempt on President Reagan in Dallas. As former FBI Director William Sessions declared, "The case pivoted on the information Varelli provided. . . . During much of the investigation, the accuracy of Varelli's information was not adequately verified." Between 1983 and 1985, nearly all the bureau's field offices became deeply involved in investigating CISPES and its allies, acting on the false charge that it was a terrorist front group. By 1987, a disgusted Varelli exposed the whole affair to Congress, which began a thorough investigation into what had in effect been a heavy-handed attempt to intimidate opponents of United States foreign policy.

The consequences of the FBI war on the Central American movement were devastating. Several thousand individuals were investigated, photographed, and wiretapped, their license plates recorded, their neighbors interrogated about their subversive leanings. There were hundreds of break-ins, acts of sabotage and disinformation, and numerous people were deported back to El Salvador as likely "subversives." On their return, perhaps 50 were duly killed either by police or death squads, an outcome that could have surprised no one. The bloodshed resulting from this affair was augmented by the free sharing of information between United States agencies and the Salvadoran National Guard, a body hopelessly tainted with torture, rape, and mass murder. As with the "Defenders of Democracy," the affair sounds like an outpouring of left-wing conspiracy theory, but the factual bases of the case are beyond question. (There is a partisan but amply documented account of the whole mess in Ross Gelbspan's 1992 book *Break-ins, Death Threats and the FBI*, published by South End Press.)

It is possible to imagine a conservative reading this in the 1990's with little sympathy: whether or not they were really involved in terrorism, CISPES were naive dupes, conscious or unconscious allies of communist tyranny in the Americas and elsewhere. Let us for the sake of argument assume that all this is true. What the Varelli case showed was the utter ineffectiveness of any congressional restrictions on the internal security empire. (These events, of course, occurred under the "restrictive" policies that the 1995 Anti-Terrorism Bill sought to repeal in order to "unshackle" federal law enforcement.) It also illustrated how that machinery works against any perceived danger to national security, and the shape of that threat will naturally change according to the political color of the administration. We obviously cannot know the steps which the FBI and other

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agencies are currently taking to protect us from militias, survivalists, and white supremacists; but the CISPES affair gives a pretty good idea. I assume that at least one person has already provided the information necessary to justify the investigation of the far right, including quite legal operations like bookstores, political parties, and radio stations. You may trust Reagan and Ed Meese with these sweeping powers, but would you trust Clinton and Janet Reno? (And vice versa.)

Subversion investigations also venture into fundamental issues of religious liberty. According to the classic counterinsurgency theory of Frank Kitson, Roger Trinquier, and others, you can rarely penetrate the fighting formations directly, so you begin with the support and front groups, the "above-ground" legal organizations. In the Varelli case, churches and clergy were prime targets of the investigation, as they assuredly are now in the investigations of the far right. I wonder how many pastors, left or right, have become informants for the federal government?

It would be nice if liberals were to criticize the investigation of rightist and fundamentalist churches and compounds, just as conservatives should have protested the disruption of liberal church activities in the 1980's. Neither eventuality seems likely. In fact, contemporary feminists are demanding a "proactive investigation" of supposed networks of pro-life terrorists, presumably with the full panoply of infiltrators and informants. The campaign would inevitably reach deep into religious organizations. If that's what it takes to fight hate groups/communists (delete where applicable), so be it.

There is one historical analogy which might offer hope for overcoming this impasse. In the bloody history of 17th-century England, different factions enjoyed power at various times, and passed draconian laws against their enemies. Puritans and Whigs persecuted Tories and Catholics on the right and received their comeuppance some years later when the fortunes were reversed. From about 1670, however, this futile game of tit-for-tat began to produce lasting benefits, when English parliaments began passing laws which in modified form serve today as the basis for America's constitutional freedoms. *Habeas corpus* is a well-known example, but the same period also produced the independence of the judiciary and the liberty of the jury to reach a verdict free of the dictates of the judge. This apparent upsurge of common sense arose not from any novel political theory, but from the growing recognition by both partisan extremes that everyone stood to benefit from protections of this sort. For quite hardheaded reasons, militants on both sides supported what in retrospect appear astonishingly liberal reforms, on the basis that one could never tell when one's own interests might require these protections. Codification of these individual rights thus arose from an odd and entirely self-interested coalition of enemies who realized that they had more to fear from the state than from each other. Is there any chance that both sides in contemporary America might start seeing each other's pain, and start dealing with the fundamental issues of state power that we so urgently need to address?

Refusal to Exercise

by Gail White

My friend at forty picks the slice of cheese
from her fast-food burger: its cholesterol
content would kill her. Runs five miles with ease,
takes body to the gym for overhaul

at frequent intervals. Avoids the sun,
eats roughage, uses honey-based shampoo.
At first she thought she could stay beautiful
forever. Now, healthy and lean will do.

Her only hope of immortality
is eighty years of thinness. To preserve
that radiance, that vital vibrant glow—
the look of youth! If not the look, the nerve!

So she works out, but secretly she knows
one day the kidneys will refuse to drain;
a sudden clot will blossom like a rose
on the elaborate trellis of the brain.

And nothing's certain. Those whom sickness spares
may meet their destined accident today.
Then why should mortal creatures put on airs?
Gather the golden popcorn while you may.

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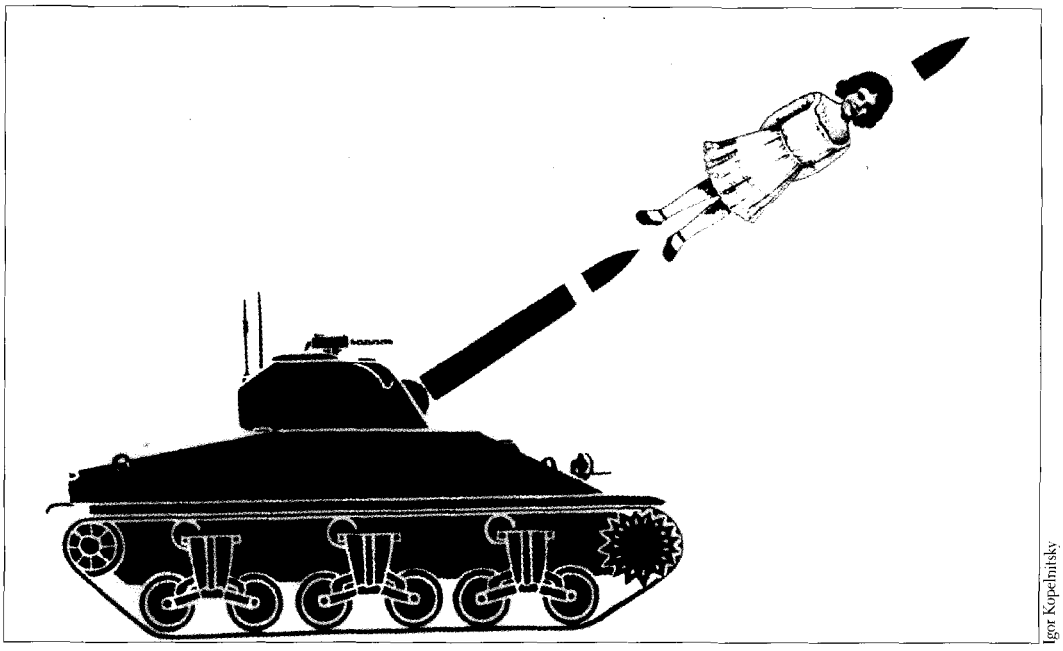
Child Abuse at Waco

by David B. Kopel



Igor Kopelnitsky

"For the sake of the children" has emerged as one of the most dangerous phrases in American politics. President Clinton has invoked children's alleged dependence on the federal government not just for his putatively child-oriented programs (such as the misnamed Department of Education), but also for issues that have only a tenuous connection to children, such as his prohibition on semiautomatic firearms, or his antiterrorism proposals for greater wiretapping and for trials with secret evidence. The most ironic of all the administration's claims about its love for children, however, is its persistent assertion that the BATF and FBI attacks on the home of the Branch Davidian children in Waco, Texas, were noble efforts to protect the children from child abuse. And, it turns out, there really was child abuse at Waco, although not exactly as described by the government.

Child protection was, according to the government, the reason why the FBI could not wait to see if Koresh would keep his promise to surrender after completing a written exposition of the Seven Seals of the Book of Revelation. In April 1993, Attorney General Reno had repeatedly rejected the FBI's request for permission to end the siege by gassing the Branch Davidians' home. But at one of the FBI-Reno meetings, someone pushed the hottest of Janet Reno's hot buttons.

According to a later Justice Department report, sometime in the week preceding the April 19 tank assault, "someone made a comment in one of the meetings that Koresh was beating the babies." Attorney General Reno asked the person who made the comment if he was sure. She recalls that she was given "the clear impression that, at some point since FBI had assumed command and control for the situation, they had learned that the Branch Davidians were beating the babies." Who told the Attorney General about child abuse? Webster Hubbell, the second-ranking official at Justice at the time, later stated, "I remember it [the comment] specifically, but I can't remember who said it." A few days later, after all the children had died, Attorney General Reno explained that she approved the FBI assault because "babies were being beaten." White House spokesman George Stephanopoulos concurred that there was "absolutely no question that there was overwhelming evidence of child abuse in the Waco compound."

Not really. As FBI Director William Sessions acknowledged, there was "no contemporaneous evidence" of child abuse; given the many FBI listening devices inside the Mount Carmel Center, Sessions' conclusion appears accurate. As the FBI well knew, Koresh, having been wounded so severely on February 28 by a BATF sniper that he thought he was going to die soon, was in no position to abuse anyone physically or sexually in the subsequent weeks.

A few months after the fire, Reno said that she might have misunderstood the FBI comments, and there was no evidence of ongoing child abuse in the besieged home. At the public hearings on Waco last summer, Reno offered an entirely different explanation for her approving the assault. The "first and foremost" reason was that "individuals sympathetic to Koresh were threatening to take matters into their own hands to end the stalemate [and] were at various times reportedly on the way."

But while child abuse had disappeared as a rationale, a child welfare issue remained: "They [the FBI] told me that the conditions were deteriorating inside. I was concerned about the safety of the people inside. The behavioral experts were telling me that children—for a siege that could last a year—it would have a lasting effect on them." Here, the FBI was clearly correct; conditions were deteriorating in the besieged home. Against the advice of government negotiators and behavioral experts, the FBI tactical commanders had in the middle of the siege decided to "demonstrate the authority of law enforcement." They did so by cutting off electricity to the compound, shining lights on the compound all night to deprive the resi-

David B. Kopel is an attorney and research director of the Independence Institute in Denver, Colorado.

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dents (including the children) of sleep, running Bradley Fighting Vehicles at the compound, and bombarding it with hellacious noises such as dentists' drills and rabbits being slaughtered. This had an immediate effect of consolidating the Branch Davidians and confirming to them Koresh's prophecy that the government would ultimately kill them all. After the FBI began the noise bombardment, the exodus of adults and children from their home came to an abrupt end.

Amid these deteriorating conditions, the children had to adapt to the constant sound of tanks and helicopters. Still, the children continued with their homeschooling, worked at their chores, and attended religious services. Children would often peek out a window or doorway, darting back to the interior of the home when a tank or other armored vehicle approached. Branch Davidian Sheila Martin described life at Mount Carmel during the siege: "We stayed close to our rooms and didn't venture down hallways as much. We tried to avoid walking past windows. . . . We were glad when the morning came because we felt they weren't going to get us then. We stayed as close as possible to each other for encouragement. We prayed a lot and read our Bibles."

The children's environment was hardly ideal, and Attorney General Reno was right to be concerned. Yet the deterioration was caused entirely by the FBI's "Hostage Rescue Team," which in this case was holding hostages, rather than rescuing them. Moreover, whatever long-term psychological harm the children were suffering as a result of their imprisonment was probably relatively small compared to the harm inflicted on the children when the BATF attacked their home on February 28, 1993.

The pretext for the BATF's Sunday morning machine gun, helicopter, and grenade attack was the service of a search warrant and an arrest warrant, although the warrants themselves were not even brought to Mount Carmel, but left behind at BATF offices. The warrants had been procured on the basis of an affidavit riddled with falsehoods. For example, the BATF claimed that Koresh possessed "upper and lower receivers" for "semi-automatic AK-47 rifles," although in fact such rifles have a solid block receiver, not separate upper and lower receivers.

Although the BATF has the authority only to enforce federal alcohol, tobacco, and firearm laws, the warrant application repeated lurid allegations of child abuse (especially sexual abuse) by Koresh. Whether the allegations were valid or not, they do not involve the federal government. A child abuse investigation by the state of Texas was featured prominently; but the BATF failed to inform the federal magistrate that the investigation had been closed for lack of evidence on April 30, 1992, nearly ten months before the assault on Mount Carmel Center.

The September 1993 Treasury Department review offers a justification for why the BATF—which is not a child welfare agency—kept bringing up stale charges from a defunct investigation: "While reports that Koresh was permitted to sexually and physically abuse children were not evidence that firearms or explosives violations were occurring, they showed Koresh to have set up a world of his own, where legal prohibitions were disregarded freely." By Treasury's theory, then, allegations of any serious criminal activity can establish probable cause that any other crime is also being committed.

The major purpose of the BATF attack, initiated with the code word "Showtime," was to pull off what BATF agents call "Zee Big One"—a massive media stunt leading to the seizure of hundreds of firearms, just a few weeks before congressional budget hearings were expected to consider whether the BATF should be abolished. Thus, although the BATF had a warrant to arrest just *one* man who happened to live in a building with 126 other people, the agency chose to serve the arrest warrant with a machine gun, helicopter, and grenade attack.

As a mountain of evidence has shown, the BATF had numerous opportunities to arrest Koresh peacefully outside his home. Koresh had always cooperated with law enforcement investigators in the past, including child abuse investigators. Indeed, when the BATF had visited Koresh's gun dealer to examine records relating to Koresh, Koresh had invited the BATF to come to Mount Carmel and look around.

The BATF "service" of the search warrants was a plan for a surprise attack. There was no contingency for loss of surprise, nor any plans for anyone to announce that a search warrant was being served, nor any plans for nonviolent action in case the Branch Davidians submitted to the search.

If the Branch Davidians had planned to "ambush" the BATF agents and murder them, then the agents could have been massacred as they poured out of the cattle cars. It will probably never be known who fired first. The one piece of physical evidence that could have settled the issue, the bullet-ridden front door, survived the fire, but has mysteriously disappeared. A BATF camera videotaped the raid, but the bureau claims that the film came out blank.

In any case, a firefight broke out, with at least some BATF agents directly violating official procedures by firing wildly at unseen targets. One of the first shots entered the skull of Branch Davidian Jaydean Wendell, who had fallen asleep after nursing her baby. As her last act, she handed her baby to another woman. (The coroner's report listed the cause of death as a hydrashok bullet, an especially lethal round used by the BATF but not the Branch Davidians.)

Psychologist Bruce Perry examined the children who left the compound in the weeks following the raid. One child drew a picture of a house beneath a rainbow. Perry asked, "Is there anything else?" and the child then drew bullet holes in the roof. *Newsweek* magazine reprinted the Davidian girl's picture of her home with a dotted roof. "Bullets," the girl explained. Such pictures support the Branch Davidians' claim that BATF helicopters strafed the second story (known to be the quarters of the women and children), and that Jaydean Wendell was killed by a shot that entered the building from the roof.

A minute after the shooting started, Koresh and his aide Wayne Martin (a well-respected attorney who had graduated from Harvard Law School) made a 911 call. The normally reserved Martin frantically screamed, "There's 75 men around our building and they're shooting at us! Tell 'em there's women and children in here and to call it off." The BATF finally agreed to a cease-fire hours later, after firing all but 40 rounds of ammunition.

Why had the BATF "served" the warrants so violently? Only because of concern for the well-being of the Branch Davidians, BATF spokesman Jack Killorin explained: "The warrant is for an imminent threat to the life and safety of everybody in that compound. The warrant is for the illicit manufacture of explosives and explosive devices which right away is an immediate threat to the life and safety of every person in there." In other words, whatever threat the *possible* illegal manufacture of automatic weapons and grenades posed to the children outweighed the threat created by the *actual* use of automatic

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weapons and grenades against the children's home.

As the siege wore on, the government abused, at least from the Branch Davidian viewpoint, all the children who surrendered. Children who came out with their parents were immediately taken from their parents and placed in state custody, while the parents were almost always arrested, whether or not there was any evidence against them. The FBI sent back to Mount Carmel a videotape which showed that the children were being treated well (by FBI standards): the children were eating candy, jumping on furniture, and watching cartoons. The Davidians were horrified by the violations of their dietary laws (based on Jewish laws, with elaborations by Koresh). The adults were also disturbed at the hyperactive behavior of the children, who were taught to be self-controlled and well-mannered.

The Branch Davidians made their own videotape, which they sent out about a week and a half after the siege started. The video contains numerous complaints about treatment of the children who were in state custody. As a Justice Department report later summarized, "Each person on the video—male and female, young and old—spoke in a calm, assured tone of their desire to remain inside, even after the experience of the ATF raid only a few days earlier. . . . The abiding impression is not of a bunch of 'lunatics,' but rather of a group of people [who], for whatever reason, believed so strongly in Koresh that the notion of leaving the squalid compound was unthinkable." The FBI appropriated the videotape, refusing to release it until after the siege had ended.

Public support for the government during the siege depended on the perception of the Branch Davidians as a weird bunch of child-abusing "cultists." The tape, however, portrays dozens of normal-looking men, women, and children. In the tape, the Branch Davidians look like the kind of people one would find at any shopping mall on a Sunday, except that the Branch Davidians are somewhat more clean-cut.

The government's failure to understand how seriously the Branch Davidians took their dietary rules did not constitute child abuse, even though the Branch Davidian adults took it as such. But other FBI actions could not have been better calculated to terrify the children and parents remaining at Mount Carmel. At various times, Bradley fighting vehicles would charge at the compound. One person inside the compound reported that men in the BFVs were "shooting the finger at these kids." In one incident, the men reportedly "mooned" some Davidian girls. Government tanks crushed children's bicycles and some expensive go-carts the children had recently acquired. The destruction helped undermine the FBI negotiators who were promising gentle treatment for children who left the compound.

The FBI's determination that it would be the only negotiator had disastrous consequences. Many relatives of the persons trapped at Mount Carmel begged the FBI for permission to talk to the people inside, either in person or by telephone. The FBI's response was "there is no room for family in this operation." All that was allowed was the occasional exchange of audio- or videotapes. Family members repeatedly implored Attorney General Reno, by fax and by registered mail, to allow direct family contact. Reno later testified that she had never learned of the families' attempts to contact her.

At one point, Koresh asked to talk to Robert Rodriguez, the BATF undercover agent who had pretended to be a college student interested in joining the Branch Davidians. Koresh was on to him from the start, and, according to Rodriguez, had nearly converted him. In exchange for talking with Rodriguez, Koresh offered to send out a six-year-old girl. The request was denied, and the girl later died in the April 19 fire.

The FBI's deception of the Attorney General about ongoing child abuse had been rather casual, but the same cannot be said for the deception regarding the effects of the CS chemical warfare agent. Experts assured Reno that CS produced short-term discomfort, but had no long-term effects and posed no special threat to pregnant women, children, or others. It would, in short, merely cause tears, coughing, and sneezing, and at worst a feeling of suffocation and mild burns in sensitive people. She was not told that these were not the only effects, particularly when the CS agent was used inappropriately—*indoors*.

Although commonly referred to as "tear gas," CS is actually a fine white crystalline powder. (As a powder, CS can plug up gas masks, a feature touted by its manufacturer.) Although the federal government, during the Waco siege, was also fighting a war in Somalia, the CS gas could not legally have been used against the Somalis. Use of CS gas in war was outlawed by the Chemical Weapons Convention, which the United States signed at Paris in January 1993.

According to Amnesty International, CS chemical warfare agent is "particularly dangerous when used in massive quantities in heavily built-up or populated areas . . . or when launched directly *into* homes or other buildings." One manufacturer of CS stopped selling the product to the Israeli government in 1986 because CS was being introduced into buildings occupied by Palestinians, with fatal consequences for 40 persons (including 18 babies). The U.S. Army's *Manual on Civil Disturbances* notes that although CS and other agents "will not seriously endanger health or cause death when used properly, their use *in buildings or other closed areas* requires caution to avoid producing excessive concentrations of the agent. . . . The dispersers should not be used to introduce a riot control agent directly into a *closed* structure except under extreme circumstances." An Army field manual explains that CS "causes severe burning of the upper respiratory passages, pain, and involuntary inability to open the eyes." A different Army field manual states, "Warning: When using the dry agent CS-1, *do not discharge indoors*. Accumulating dust may explode when exposed to spark or open flame." (Emphases added.)

The FBI plan which the Attorney General approved called for a 48-hour "tear gas" attack. The government also knew, as an affidavit filed the previous day showed, that gas masks were available. But gas masks are not manufactured for small children. (One reason is that infants lack the lung capacity to breathe through gas masks.) Thus, the degree of suffering from the CS attack, as the FBI must have known, would be in inverse proportion to the criminal culpability of those exposed to it.

Dr. Alan Stone, one of the independent reviewers of the Department of Justice report on Waco in the fall of 1993, noted the case history of a baby suffering a two-to-three hour exposure to CS, the exposure resulting in first-degree burns on the face, severe respiratory distress typical of chemical pneumonia, and an enlarged liver. "The infant's reactions were of a vastly different dimension than the information given the AG suggested," Stone noted. "It certainly makes it more difficult to believe that the health and safety of the children was our primary concern." In another case cited by Dr. Stone, a half-hour

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of exposure to CS indoors caused the death of an adult.

With regard to the idea that the CS was supposed to drive the Branch Davidians out of their house, an Army field manual explains: "Generally, persons reacting to CS are incapable of executing organized and concerted actions and excessive exposure to CS may make them incapable of vacating the area." The Army textbook *Civil Disturbance Operations* notes that CS, inserted into enclosed places like buildings, may immobilize by causing nausea, vomiting, and vertigo; may hamper movement of rioters because of a severe onslaught of symptoms; and should not be used "where innocent persons may be affected . . . [or] where fires may start or asphyxiation may occur."

The massive amount of CS inserted was, if evenly dispersed throughout the building, half the amount needed to kill every adult inside; the impact on small children, unprotected by gas masks, would obviously be very severe, and perhaps lethal. As with the children at Auschwitz, incineration followed the gassing.

Attorney General Reno had "directed that if at any point Koresh or his followers threatened to harm the children, the FBI should cease the action immediately." If the FBI had obeyed the Attorney General, it never would have launched the tank and CS assault, since several FBI behavioral experts had predicted that an FBI attack could cause a mass suicide. During negotiations, Koresh, consistent with Branch Davidian theology, had repeatedly told the FBI that the attack Koresh was expecting would lead to a massive fire by which God would destroy the attackers.

According to FBI listening devices, some Branch Davidians began spreading flammable materials during the morning of the tank assault. In case of any risk of harm to the children, Attorney General Reno had commanded: "Get the hell out of there. Don't take any risks with the children." This command was flagrantly violated. As the chemical warfare attack progressed, the masked adults went on with their chores; some women did laundry or cleaned; others read the Bible. All of the children stayed on the second floor with their mothers.

Joyce Sparks, leader of the team from Texas Department of Protective and Regulatory Services that had investigated the Branch Davidians for child abuse, had objected to the child abuse case being closed. The FBI alerted her in advance to the gassing plan; the FBI and she agreed that the bureau would call her on the day the plan would be implemented; her agency would then bring portable showers and a change of clothes for Davidians who fled the compound.

About 9:30 A.M. (three and a half hours after the gassing had begun), Sparks called the FBI, incredulous that she had not been informed according to the plan. The FBI offered no explanation for why she had not been contacted. As she hung up the phone, she turned to her husband and said, "They intend to kill them all."

Later, the government listening devices broadcast to the FBI the voices of Davidians reciting the 23rd Psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." The listening devices recorded the voices of children calling for their parents, and the Davidians' frantic pleas for negotiations and for an end to the chemical warfare attack.

"Plan A" had been based on gassing the Branch Davidians for 48 hours. When the Davidians fired futile rifle shots at the tanks, Plan B went into effect (Plan A having lasted for 12 minutes), and the pace of gassing was greatly accelerated. Later in the morning, in a deviation from Plan B, the tank drivers were ordered to drive all the way into the building to the cold storage room, where it was (correctly) expected that people would have retreated. (All the children and their mothers were there.) The person who gave this order has not yet been identified.

Twenty-seven children and sixteen mothers were found dead in the concrete cold-storage room in the center of the house. As a result of the tank attack on the building, the room had collapsed before the fires broke out. All 43 people were thereby trapped inside. Two of the children died from blunt trauma consistent with being struck by rubble from the collapsing building. Several others, mostly children, were reported by the medical examiner as having been buried alive. The mothers had wrapped their children and themselves in sleeping bags, apparently for protection from the flames.

> Trapped in an inferno, children and their mothers could not flee because government tanks, in violation of all plans and orders from the Attorney General, had destroyed the escape route.

What were the children's final hours like? Benjamin C. Garrett, the executive director of the Chemical and Biological Arms Control Institute, states that as a result of the incessant chemical warfare barrage, "It [the chemical warfare agent] would have panicked the children. Their eyes would have involuntarily shut. Their skin would have been burning. They would have been gasping for air and coughing wildly. Eventually, they would have been overcome with vomiting in a final hell."

The fire burned for only about 25 minutes, but reached about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, "approaching cremation temperature," as a government medical report later put it. The report noted that "Most of the burned bodies were unrecognizable as humans." A forensic scientist later recalled, "There was a particular instance where all that remained was the arm and hand of a mother clasping a small child's hand and remains of arm. You could see how tightly the child's hand was being squeezed by the mother."

Whatever the government knew about the fire apparently did not leave the government with enough confidence to have the fire independently investigated. Texas fire marshals were denied access to the scene. The "independent" arson investigator chosen by the U.S. Attorney's Office to head the review, Paul Gray, is married to a BATF employee, and socialized with his wife's colleagues, including Steve Willis, one of the agents killed in the assault on Mount Carmel Center, whose funeral he attended. Additionally, Gray's office used to be in BATF offices in Houston, and he carried a card identifying himself as a

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BATF special agent (whether because he was on the payroll or to inspire more cooperation with investigations being unclear). He had also served on BATF's National Arson Response Team.

One of the last structures to fall at the compound was the flagpole holding the Davidian flag (with its Star of David). The government promptly mounted the blue "A.T.F." flag, along with the American and Texas flags, amidst the wreckage of the building, where lay the dead adults and children.

From start to finish, charges of child abuse against Koresh were used as justification for the government's aggressive actions. Was there really child abuse? According to child psychologists who talked with the kids released from Mount Carmel (and who were consulted with by the FBI prior to the final assault on April 19), children were taught that they might have to commit suicide. David Koresh took as wives in his polygamous "House of David" girls at least as young as thirteen. While girls of such age have often been brides in other cultures or other eras, Koresh's actions violated the statutory rape laws of Texas. None of the Branch Davidian girls contacted by state child abuse investigators were willing to testify against Koresh.

Children at Mount Carmel were also expected to be obedient and were spanked severely and often. This would not legally constitute child abuse in some other cultures, or in any generation of Americans before the current one, although many modern Americans would consider it abusive. Koresh himself was reported to have inflicted vicious beatings on several infants and toddlers. Such punishments were clearly abusive. All of these incidents occurred long before the BATF attack.

The children who came out of Mount Carmel were interviewed by the chief of psychiatry at Texas Children's Hospital. He concluded that the children were physically abused, but not so severely as to warrant state intervention. He found that "the children released from Ranch Apocalypse do not appear to have been victims of sexual abuse." (This finding does not disprove that older children, such as teenagers who had become Koresh's wives, were not sexually abused, if statutory rape is considered sexual abuse.) The psychiatrist also concluded that the children were friendly, happy, likable, had good interpersonal skills, and were open to other people.

The Texas Department of Children's Protective Services also examined the children. The department found no evidence of child abuse. Instead, the children were "surprisingly happy, healthy, well adjusted, well educated, and only wanted to return as soon as they could to their friends and relatives in the compound."

As Dade County, Florida, District Attorney, Janet Reno had prosecuted several sensational child abuse cases. In one notorious case, outside specialists were enlisted by the Dade County District Attorney's Office to "help" (pester and intimidate) allegedly abused children into "disclosing" what had happened. Under pressure from the investigators, many children finally "disclosed" what the investigators apparently wanted to hear, telling lurid tales of ritual abuse, in which a 14-year-old church babysitter killed and ate babies, led naked dances around a campfire, took the children to cemeteries where Freddy Krueger came out of a grave, and introduced them to flying witches. Many of these activities supposedly took place while daytime church services were in progress at the church where Bobby Fijnje was a volunteer babysitter.

After spending 20 months in jail awaiting trial, Bobby Fijnje was acquitted on all counts. The child abuse, it turns out, was perpetrated by Janet Reno's well-meaning but misguided efforts, which jailed an innocent youth and implanted horrible false memories in several small children. At Waco, Reno was deceived into harming the very children that she had meant to help.

David Koresh, né Vernon Wayne Howell, was physically and sexually abused as a child. (Among other things, as a juvenile he was repeatedly raped by a male relative.) He, in turn, physically and sexually abused others. If Koresh had been captured, he would have been prosecuted and probably convicted of child abuse.

Yet the most egregious child abusers at Waco remain free. These abusers launched an unnecessary attack on a children's home for publicity purposes, held the children captive in miserable conditions, and then attacked them with a dangerous chemical warfare agent, knowing full well that their actions would put the children's lives at grave risk. Trapped in an inferno, children and their mothers could not flee because government tanks, in violation of all plans and orders from the Attorney General, had destroyed the escape route. If President Clinton really cares as much about children as he says he does, he will appoint a special prosecutor who will bring these child abusers to justice.

Thanksgiving Hymn

by Gail White

Upon this day of feasting
to Thee, O Lord, we pray
that our uncertain blessings
endure another day.

Today we're strong and healthy,
and of a long-lived race.
Please see that death arranges
exceptions in our case.

We see our neighbors losing
the goods they once enjoyed,
so let us not be numbered
among the unemployed.

Preserve for us our loved ones
and give them happy lives
(this blessing does not cover
ex-husbands and ex-wives).

Thank You for this year's blessings,
and send the same again
next year, the next, and so on
world without end. Amen.

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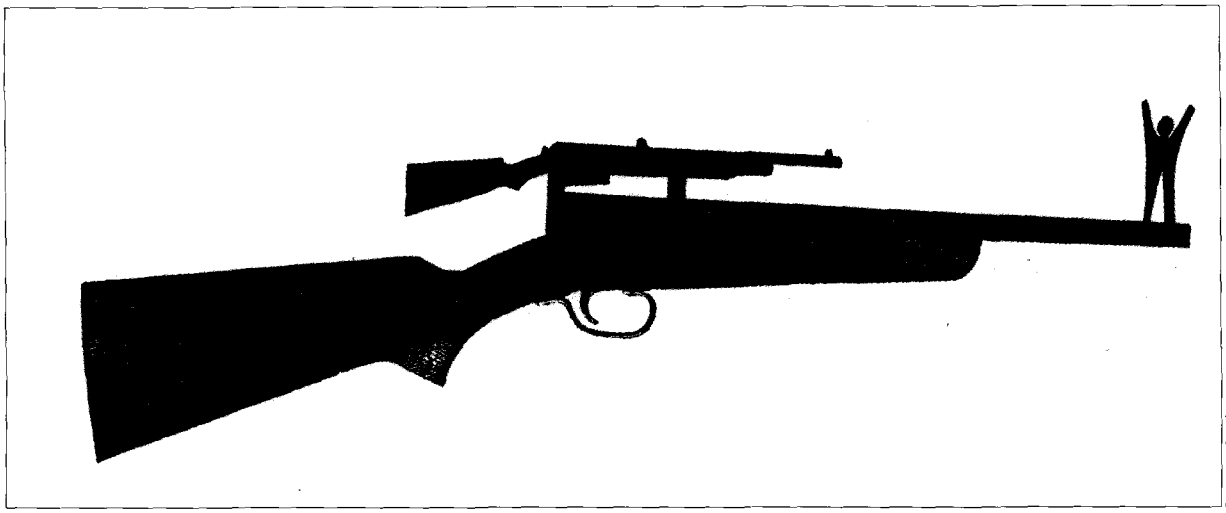
Back From the Brink

The Second War Against Gunowners

by Ronin Colman



Igor Kopelnitsky

During President Clinton's November 9, 1994, news conference, the White House press core dropped its usual pose of "objective, tough reporting" and adopted more of a "what's next, boss?" bleat. Not surprisingly, some of the very first questions put to the leader of the new Irrelevant Party dealt with the future of gun control.

Was all the "progress" we were making on gun control going to grind to a halt, or did the Republican landslide spell the repeal of the Brady Bill? "Not to worry," a concerned President Clinton assured them. After chewing his lower lip for a moment, he explained that one of his top aides took it upon himself to read the Constitution last night and therein found a clause about something called a "veto." The old dogs explained the concept to the young pups, and the White House press core went back to doing what any group of dogs does best.

The most annoying aspects of the pre-'89 discussions of gun control were the disingenuous arguments made by both sides. The antigun lobby generally adopted a crime-control argument. They argued that law-abiding gunowners must accept some "reasonable" restrictions or inconveniences in order to prevent guns from "falling into the hands" of criminals, children, or the Christian right. The anti-gun control camp fell into the trap of allowing the other side to frame the debate. What resulted was an endless discussion about the predicted effects on crime of a given piece of proposed legislation. The anti-gun control side would always win the *formal* debate by pointing out the obvious—criminals, by definition, do not obey the law. They would then go on to compare Vermont, a state that enjoys no gun control laws and almost no crime with some hellhole like the proposed state of New Columbia, which, as currently constituted, has the most restrictive gun laws in the country and one of the highest rates of violent crime on earth.

Unfortunately, the antigun lobby did an excellent job of numbing the hearts and minds of the electorate. They would smile and say that even if a particular law does not solve "all the problems of guns in our society," it is still a good thing if it saves "even one child's life," and—after all—"what harm could it do?" The obvious answer, that gun control erodes the power to resist domestic tyranny—as in the case of Nazi Germany—was rarely made because most "gunnies" were reluctant to oppose either the establishment or law enforcement. After all, the "gun lobby" was, and is, made up of tens of millions of Americans who considered themselves to be the Establishment. Profoundly patriotic, pro-military and pro-law enforcement, these good folks had a hard time even conceiving of an argument that postulated a scenario in which they were at such odds with their own government that they would need their Second Amendment freedom to resist domestic tyranny.

In the absence of any philosophical base, opposition to such "reasonable" gun control laws as national waiting periods and various back-door registration schemes made one seem "irresponsible," "out of touch with the majority of gun owners," and in need of neurosurgery to correct the disorder. The exchange went something like this: "Why does anyone *need* an assault weapon, why not just ban them?" "Because, Mr. Donaldson, since you can't define an assault weapon, you might end up banning legitimate hunting guns." "We don't need to define them, Mr. Gun, we'll make a list."

Shortly after George Bush took office, the Stockton Schoolyard mass murder occurred. While this sort of horrible crime had happened before (and since), this particular incident occurred at a time when the California Attorney General was pushing for a state ban on "assault rifles." The antigun types in the media wasted no time in making this a national issue, and President Bush wasted no time in showing the electorate what he was made of. Despite the fact that he sought and received both the support of gunowners and the endorsement of the NRA during the election—without which, I'm told by my Republican friends, he would have lost to Mr. Dukakis—he went back on his word and, at the suggestion of a "conservative" Beltway think tank, banned, by executive order, the importation of a list of foreign-made semiautomatic "assault" rifles. A power his office was granted by President Nixon's 1968 Gun Control Act, which then-congressman Bush voted for.

Ronin Colman is a businessman in the Republic of Texas.

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In a direct sense, President Bush's ban did not affect most gunowners. The guns in question were arcane semiautomatic versions of European battle rifles that had, up until the time of the ban, been gathering dust and losing value on distributors' shelves, like Fabrique Nationale FAL's, Heckler & Koch 91's, and Steyr AUG's. Guns of this ilk, and their lower-cost domestic equivalents, had not sold well since the enthusiasm for the "survivalist" movement, spontaneously started during the Carter administration, fizzled out at the beginning of the Reagan presidency. Far from being criminals' "gun of choice," "assault" rifles did not even warrant mention in the FBI's 1988 Uniform Crime Report. In fact, the report shows that in 1988, more people were punched to death than killed with rifles of any kind, let alone "assault" rifles.

> The much-maligned militia movement, for the most part, did not exist prior to the passage of the federal gun ban. In the eyes of a majority of the American people, the federal government had broken the social contract and violated the Constitution.

While President Bush's advisors may have correctly assessed that the number of guns directly affected by the import ban was minimal, this singularly stupid act of betrayal galvanized America's gunowners. For the first time, gunowners were forced to consider the purpose and scope of the Second Amendment and the role of the free armed citizen—the "well regulated militia"—in maintaining a free society. Americans had always kept fighting guns. In fact, the federal government, through the office of the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, was historically the largest supplier of fighting weapons and training to the citizenry. Several million semiautomatic rifles, carbines, and pistols were transferred from the military to the individual citizens who make up the militia through the DCM program. Yet now the American gunowner was being told by the leader of the very government he had always felt loyal to that *ex post facto* he was a potential threat to the security of his country. Terms of disarmament to be discussed.

Of course, not all the diverse factions that make up the "gun lobby" were instantly purified and united by President Bush's little "Pearl Harbor" attack. For example, at the time, many skeet and trap shooters adopted a "go ahead and ban them" attitude toward the abolition of semiautomatic rifles. Hunters got snared in the "legitimate sporting purposes" trap, and no one seemed to want to defend those little bullet hoses known optimistically as "assault pistols." The gun-grabbers wisely stayed well away from any mention of banning handguns, a failed concept that cost them mightily in the 70's. Instead, in a stroke of true polemic brilliance, the gun-grabbers created a new category of hate gun, the *assault weapon*.

Like pornography, an assault weapon is both indefinable and awkward to defend. As a military or firearm "term of art," there is no such category as "assault weapon." Unlike an assault rifle (a rifle capable of fully automatic fire and chambered for a reduced power round), there is simply no such thing as an assault weapon, and that's the beauty of the concept. No one would think he owns one, and the weak sisters in the gun lobby would be as reluctant to defend something branded an assault weapon as they were to block the ban on bogus "Cop Killer bullets." Like the "Saturday Night Special" nonsense, a huge number of guns could be incorporated into the definition of an assault weapon. Better yet, the definition could be left open-ended; individual guns could be declared to have no legitimate sporting purpose by an impartial government agent like Janet Reno. Fortunately for the Republic, this strategy backfired as more and more gunowners realized that Howard Metzenbaum and company considered their grandfather's Model 12 shotgun an assault weapon. Finally, gunowners began to unite, drawn together by the realization that the icon of the left, Mao Tse-tung, was correct about at least one thing: all power does flow from the barrel of a gun. The leaders of the gun control movement had always known this, and like all tyrants, had nothing less than total disarmament in mind.

Behind the seemingly benign facade of crime control, the leaders of the antigun movement have always sought the eventual prohibition of the private ownership of firearms. Michael Beard, founder of the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, has assured us that in his Brave New World, gun ownership will be permitted, at the local state-run shooting range. Nearly 20 years ago in the *New Yorker*, Handgun Control Incorporated founder Pete Shields was frank about the necessity for "incremental" steps to the ultimate goal of "total gun control." At a party celebrating the passage of the Brady Bill, Sarah Brady was asked what she would do now that her work was done. Not to worry, she assured the questioner, "we have many other things to do." And indeed, Brady II was wheeled out the next day. It included, among other things, a requirement that any gunowner who possessed more than 20 guns or 1,000 rounds of ammunition or primers, obtain an "arsenal license" from the BATF. The license would allow this federal revenue collection bureau to "inspect" your home twice a year to insure compliance.

Successful domestic disarmament requires a carefully incremented approach. The steps should be designed to sell the concerned citizen on the benevolence of the program while capitalizing on the fact that most people are physical and moral cowards. He should feel good about voluntary compliance. "Giving up this little freedom is a small price we must pay for 'security' in the modern world." The public will be taught that nothing really bad happens after compliance. As their fears are assuaged, they will become increasingly apathetic even in the face of ever more restrictive legislation. One should keep in mind that the ultimate goal of the legislative effort must be the compilation of a list or database linking gunowners with their guns. The creation of The List will help insure compliance

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with the final step, as the national police authorities will be able to encourage voluntary compliance by requiring individual citizens to produce specific weapons or face incarceration. This will also decrease the likelihood of a significant number of weapons remaining in the hands of citizens, where they might embolden their owners actually to resist future plans for their safety and welfare.

The BATF and the Carter White House attempted to create a National Gun Registration by issuing new regulations. However, since 1978, the Treasury appropriations bill has declared: "That no funds appropriated herein shall be available for . . . expenses in connection with consolidating or centralizing . . . *the records or any portion thereof, of acquisition and disposition of firearms maintained by Federal firearms licensees*." These records are the "yellow forms" you filled out when you bought your family AR-15's last year. Each year, the BATF has attempted, unsuccessfully, to strike this provision and get permission to computerize the sale records of dealers. In 1986, Sec. 926 of the 1968 Gun Control Act was amended to prohibit "records required to be maintained under this chapter or any portion of the contents of such records, [being] recorded at or transferred to a [federal or state] facility . . . nor that any system of registration of firearms, firearms owners, or firearms transactions or dispositions be established."

Unfortunately, the government is not obeying the law. In the spring of 1994, BATF Special Agent Pat Hynes gave ABC Day One host Forrest Sawyer a tour of their new West Virginia records center. "Right now, there's 20 million [out of business gun dealer] records here," he said. "We've already computerized 60 million." When Representative Istook asked Treasury Undersecretary Ron Noble about it, he confirmed that the BATF was computerizing records "by the semi-truck load." He assured Congress that this was perfectly legal because these were not dealer records but former dealer records. Keep in mind that the version of the Gun Ban recently passed by the Senate included mandatory registration.

While the American gunowner was coming to grips with the magnitude of the threat posed by pending legislation in Washington, two outrages, perpetrated by the federal government, turned out to provide the rallying cries of the populist revolution: Ruby Ridge and Waco. Both of these incidents began with the BATF. In the case of Randy Weaver, he was "created" by a BATF snitch and his Agent Handler. When he refused to work for the bureau as an informant, he was entrapped into shortening the barrel of a shotgun to a length that required payment of a federal tax. The revenue agents then went on to describe Weaver as a probable bank robber and contract killer who was planning to kidnap some children from a nearby boarding school. The bungled BATF raid on David Koresh and his followers was also based on a tax deficiency. In each case, innocent people lost their lives, and in each case, the elite paramilitary arm of the FBI was brought in to "resolve" the crises, as they did, right on national TV.

Rightly or wrongly, a large number of gunowners saw their future in the ashes of Waco. They saw a militarized national police force running amuck with no one in the mainstream media crying foul, no congressional oversight and no prosecution, either federal or local, of the parties involved. They believed Judiciary Committee Chairman Jack Brooks when, during the first House Waco hearings, he told the head of the BATF that he'd have killed the Branch Davidians sooner. They believed Diane Feinstein when she said on *60 Minutes* that "If I could have gotten 51 votes in the Senate for an outright ban [on guns], picking up every one of them, Mr. and Mrs. America turn them all in, I would have done it."

Gunowners finally figured it out and began to act. Following the passage in May 1994, by a one-vote margin, of the gun ban in the House, millions of Americans started stocking up on semiautomatic rifles, pistols, magazines, and ammunition. I got calls from several right-wing academics who had never owned a gun before, but were going to get one now and wanted some advice on what to buy. My advice was pretty straightforward: anything you can find and as much as you can afford. Good equipment was in short supply because the word was out—the British were coming, again.

The much-maligned militia movement, for the most part, did not exist prior to the passage of the federal gun ban. In the eyes of a majority of the American people, the federal government had broken the social contract and violated the Constitution. A significant percentage of these patriots apparently intended to exercise the Jeffersonian mandate to resist injustice and, if attacked, water a few trees. These same people forgave, for the moment, the Republican duplicity in the passage of the Crime Bill and voted solidly Republican last November.

Some conservatives disagree with Speaker Gingrich on any number of topics, but no one would deny his political shrewdness. Mr. Gingrich not only understands the political appeal of the gun issue, but he, unlike most Republicans, actually understands the significance of the Second Amendment:

> The Second Amendment to the Constitution has nothing to do with deer or duck hunting. It has nothing to do with target practice or owning collector's weapons. The Second Amendment is a political right written into our Constitution for the purpose of protecting individual citizens from their own government. The lesson of the English Civil War and the American Revolution was that political freedom is ultimately based on the courage and preparedness of those who would remain free. If the Lexington and Concord minutemen had not kept weapons, they could not have fired the shot heard 'round the world. If the American colonists had not been trained in how to shoot and fight, they could not have become American citizens. The history of the last quarter-century has been a brutal reminder of the wisdom of the Founding Fathers. Poland and Hungary were disarmed, and when their citizens tried to rebel, they had no weapons with which to defend their country or their freedom. Afghanistan was an intensely armed country, on the other hand, and the Soviets found it impossible to break their spirit of freedom. Those who believe in the right to bear arms felt more than vindicated by the remarkably different results in the struggle for freedom between armed and unarmed populations.

The political battle today is between the Tory Republicans and their new populist rivals. Clearly, the Tories control the money and the "conservative" print media. On the other hand, the populists have a lock on the grassroots side and control the swing vote that put the Republicans in power. If the Tories can keep from alienating the populists with schemes for National ID cards and by opposing serious hearings on Waco and Ruby Ridge, we might keep this powerful coalition together.

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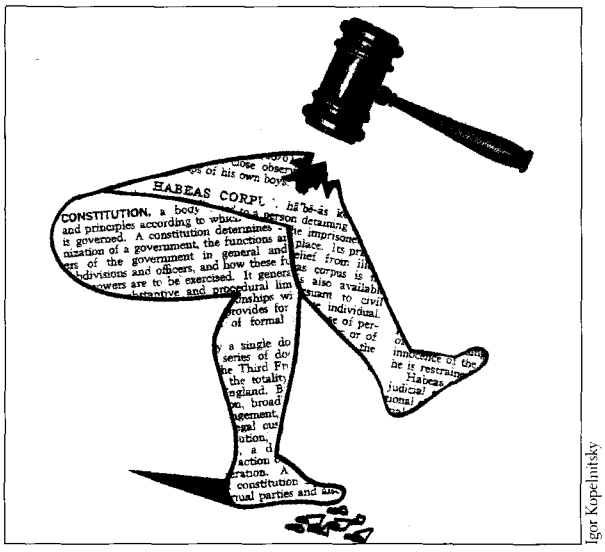
Uncivil Liberties

by Greg Kaye



Igor Kopelnitsky

The United States Commission on Civil Rights has degenerated into an appendage of the Clinton reelection campaign through its attempt to stop, through intimidation, the petition drive in Florida to clamp down on illegal immigration; at stake are 25 electoral votes for the Democratic incumbent. The commission was established under the Civil Rights Act of 1957 as an independent, bipartisan, fact-finding agency of the Executive branch. Under the Civil Rights Act of 1983, its membership was expanded from six to eight commissioners, four of whom are appointed by the President and four by Congress, with the caveat that not more than four members shall, at any one time, be of the same political party. The President designates the chairman and vice chairman from among the commission's members with the concurrence of a majority of the members.

In September 1993, President Clinton designated Mary Frances Berry as chairman and Cruz Reynoso as vice chair. Berry, a lifelong liberal Democrat and civil rights activist, now identifies herself as an independent. Having served as Assistant Secretary for Education in the Carter administration, she was named vice chair of the commission for a two-year term by Jimmy Carter in 1980 and has served as a commissioner ever since. In 1982, Berry coauthored a book in which American blacks are encouraged to consider Marxism, for "subjected to a massive barrage of propaganda from the American newsmedia, few of them know about Russia's constitutional safeguards for minorities, the extent of opportunity, or the equal provision of social services to its citizens." In 1986, she was honored by *Ms.* magazine as one of its "Women of the Year." Beltway sources reveal that she has a pipeline to friends Bill and Hillary Clinton.

Vice Chairman Cruz Reynoso holds impeccable liberal credentials. Among his more radical affiliations are his having served as a board member of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund (MALDEF) and of the La Raza Lawyers Association. Reynoso also enjoys the dubious distinction of being the first Associate Justice of the California Supreme Court to be voted out of office since 1932. After a six-year stint, he was repudiated at the polls in 1986 because of his radical agenda. An advocate of an "open borders" immigration policy, he campaigned against California Prop. 187, and, in inflammatory speeches, vilified proponents of immigration reform. His close association with Hillary Clinton is well documented.

The statutory duties of the commission are to investigate complaints that citizens are being deprived, for discriminatory reasons, of their right to vote; to study and collect information relating to discrimination or a denial of the Constitution's equal protection clause; to appraise federal laws and policies with respect to discrimination or denial of equal protection; to submit reports, findings, and recommendations to the President and Congress; and to issue public service announcements to discourage discrimination or denial of equal protection of the law.

Some political pundits have portrayed the commission as an indispensable aid in healing the wounds caused by official segregation policies and in creating awareness leading to efficient enforcement of our current federal civil rights laws. Critics, on the other hand, point to the commission's fervor to find a racist under every bed, its lavish expenditures of tax money, and its tendency to promote a liberal agenda at taxpayers' expense. (In 1984, Mary Berry and fellow councilmember Blandina Ramirez issued a joint statement, quoted in Jared Taylor's book *Paved With Good Intentions*: "Civil rights laws were not passed to protect the rights of white men and do not apply to them.")

Attorney Rob Ross of Boca Raton, Florida, who recently suffered the abrogation of *his* civil rights via heavy-handed tactics, views the commission as "one of the last bastions of unabashed liberalism. It may have served a legitimate purpose in the past, but it's now degenerated into a political tool of the Clinton administration and the Democratic party's extreme left wing."

Congress appropriated $9 million to the commission in this year's budget. Although the commission requested $11 million for next year, the House has cut the allocation to $8.5 million. The "official" biographies of the commissioners present a political profile of two Democrats, three Republicans, and three Independents. A more accurate assessment would be along ideo-

Greg Kaye writes from Haines City, Florida.

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logical lines, which would yield five flaming liberals and three moderate conservatives. The commission's present catalog of publications currently offers the public over 200 reports and publications. An objective review of the report synopsis, such as "Nativism Rekindled: A Report on the Effort to Make English Colorado's Official Language" or "Who Is Guarding the Guardians? A Report on Police Practices" or "The Administration of Justice for Homosexual Persons in New Orleans," reveals the liberal bias of the commission's majority.

An ongoing national project of this commission is a study on "Racial and Ethnic Tensions in American Communities—Poverty, Inequality, and Discrimination," and as part of this study the commission held two days of hearings in Miami on September 14-15. The press release read, "The Miami hearing is the sixth in the Commission's *Racial and Ethnic Tensions* hearing series. The Commission's investigation into the resurgence of racial and ethnic tensions has resulted in hearings in Washington, D.C. (1991/1992), Chicago (1992), Los Angeles (1993), and New York (1994/1995). . . . The last hearing in the series is planned in the Mississippi Delta region." The first five hearings were esoteric and occurred without mishap. But the Miami hearings exploded into a national controversy.

In January 1995, a handful of concerned Florida residents—faced with the realization that neither the Clinton administration nor the 103rd Congress had made any effort to secure America's borders, or to alleviate the social, economic, and criminal problems that illegal aliens have wrought on the Sunshine State—decided to take action. They incorporated the FLA-187 Committee and registered with the state of Florida as a political action committee.

Led by attorney Rob Ross, the group drafted four carefully worded state constitutional amendments, which they hoped to put on the ballot in the 1996 general election. The proposed amendments were concise, detailed, and designed to improve upon the initial California effort. The first would deprive illegal aliens of public benefits and social services. The second would exclude illegals from public schools. The third would require state and local governmental agencies to cooperate with immigration authorities. And the fourth decrees that English be implemented and utilized as Florida's official language.

Florida places heavy demands on ballot initiatives. The proposition must undergo Supreme Court review for a single issue test, requires 400,000 bona fide signatures of registered voters, and then must win voter approval on election day. Undaunted by the challenge, the volunteers began to organize statewide. They had faith in the democratic process and believed that if the citizens objectively examined both sides of the issues, the signatures and necessary funds for success would follow. Familiar with the California experience, and working closely with the Prop. 187 initiators in the Golden State, they were prepared for political opposition from the "open borders" cabal, the radical left, and those with vested financial interests in unrestrained illegal immigration.

Almost immediately, a Florida contingent of the Committee for Dignity and Justice for Immigrants arose. This committee's list of "endorsers" reads like a who's who of the radical left (National Lawyers Guild, Socialist Workers Party, International Socialist Organization, United Farm Workers Union, ILGWU, etc.), interspersed with a few communist fronts for good measure, and the Diocese of Miami Catholic Services for credibility. Their "mission statement" is a manifesto at odds with the traditional American concepts of sovereignty and nationhood. Citizen-taxpayers should note they recognize no difference between the "documented and undocumented" (a/k/a illegals). Though the left has dedicated all its resources to defeat the Florida proposals, and even after months of organized propaganda with full support from the media and with virtually no support of the proposals from elected officials, recent polls still indicate 65 percent voter approval of the proposed amendments, including 58 percent support in the Hispanic community.

This summer, while winning the public debate in the body politic, the FLA-187 Committee was blindsided by an unprecedented attack from an unlikely source, an agency of the executive branch of the federal government—the United States Civil Rights Commission. Washington sources report that on August 1, President Clinton met in the White House with the Hispanic Caucus. The caucus presented a list of demands in return for its support in the '96 campaign. Candidate Clinton agreed to support full funding of bilingual education programs and also agreed to oppose English as the official national language. In addition, the caucus demanded that the administration oppose any congressional measures for immigration reform. Clinton's response to this demand is unknown.

Either by coincidence or design, on or about August 2, the Civil Rights Commission decided to expand its Miami hearings to include the activities of the FLA-187 Committee, with the preconceived notion that the petition drive was causing racial and ethnic tensions, though opinion polls suggested otherwise. The operative word in the petitions is: *illegal*. The committee targeted lawbreakers who illegally enter our country, not racial or ethnic groups.

On August 4, three immigration reform activists in the Dade County area, JoAnn Peart (Chairman of Floridians for Immigration Reform), Enos Schera (Chairman, Citizens of Dade United), and Rob Ross, began receiving phone calls from commission staffers requesting their "cooperation" in the hearings. Peart told commission staffer Sicilia Chinn that she did not want to testify and had no firsthand knowledge of the illegal immigration problem. Her only information is what is already available to the public in newspapers or government reports. After numerous calls and interviews, Chinn asked for Peart's address so she could subpoena her. When Peart refused to volunteer the information, Chinn replied that they had the resources to have a private detective locate her home and to dispatch a federal marshal with the subpoena.

On August 25, Congressman Foley wrote to Mary Matthews, Commission Staff Director, expressing Peart's concerns that she was being harassed and intimidated. He said, "I am concerned about the agency's policy in accosting potential witnesses." That day, Peart called me to recount her ordeal of the previous three weeks. At one point, sobbing, she said that the staffer had referred to her as a "nationalist." She wasn't sure what it meant. I assured her that contrary to commission beliefs, she was in good company with George Washington and the Founding Fathers.

On the same day, Chairman Berry signed subpoenas demanding the appearance of the three activists at the Miami hearings, which were delivered a few days later at their homes by federal marshals. Accompanying these was an outrageous subpoena *duces tecum*, demanding seven kinds of documents. Each category began with the words, "Any document, including but not limited to . . . "—basically, every scrap of paper,

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confidential memo, and membership list in the possession of the organization. In the case of Enos Schera, they were demanding 15 years of documents!

Rob Ross, director of FLA-187, was incredulous. He knew the commission had overstepped its legal authority. Furthermore, he was well aware of the history of the California Prop. 187 petition drive. There, activist leaders routinely received death threats, were physically and verbally abused, had their homes vandalized, and one activist, Barbara Coe, was subjected to a six-hour "interview" in her home by the FBI. Ross knew that if he honored the subpoena, his volunteer network would collapse. He fought back.

On September 8, the Tampa *Tribune*'s front page carried the headline, "Immigration Group Blasts Agency Tactics." The story was soon picked up by the statewide media. On the same day, Congressman Charles Canady, chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on the Constitution, sent a scathing letter to Mary Matthews of the commission: "It is my understanding that individuals engaged in legitimate and constitutionally protected political activities have been served with subpoenas to compel attendance against their will and with a two-page detailed request for internal records and documents regarding their First Amendment-protected activities." He continued, "I have serious concerns that these actions have had the effect of chilling the lawful exercises of First Amendment rights by citizens. In addition, it creates the appearance that the powers of the Commission are being used to target individuals based on the content of their political advocacy." The congressman went on to inform the commission that he had scheduled oversight hearings "regarding this matter and other issues of concern." In spite of this letter, and a subcommittee press release, Chairman Berry did not back off.

The story broke into the national news with the *Washington Times* headline (September 11), "Illegal-Immigrant Foes Get Subpoenas." Reporter Joyce Price exposed a rift in the commission: three commissioners had expressed concern at the scope of the subpoenas. Commissioner Constance Horner stated, "I think the subpoenas the staff has issued are intrusive, heavy-handed, and chilling of speech and association." The activists took their case to the press and released copies of the subpoenas. Even liberal newspapers were horrified. The lead editorial of the *Palm Beach Post* on September 13 carried the headline, "How An Un-Civil Agency Went Far Out Of Control," with the subhead, "A Delray Beach Woman's Experience Shows Why People Fear The Federal Government."

Still under subpoena, Rob Ross spent the weekend of September 10 in Washington, D.C. Although an experienced civil rights litigator himself, he worked feverishly with a constitutional specialist to prepare a complaint against the Civil Rights Commission. His objective was to file in federal district court in Washington an emergent complaint seeking injunctive relief from the subpoenas and then follow with a suit for damages on behalf of himself, Peart, Schera, and their respective organizations.

A 25-page detailed complaint was finalized the morning of September 11. Ross intended to file it the next morning. The press became aware of the impending suit and informed the commission, at which point Chairman Berry relented. On that morning, she sent faxes to the three activists, relieving them of the subpoenas and making appearance and surrender of documents voluntary. Ross, Peart, and Schera all graciously declined her "voluntary invitation." Ross, preempted, was unable to file his suit.

Instead, Ross decided to take the offensive and forestall future harassment by the federal government. The FLA-187 Committee drafted a resolution it is now attempting to move in the Florida State legislature, detailing the harassment. The statement reads, "A Resolution—Urging the Clinton administration and the Executive branch of the federal government to immediately cease and desist harassment, intimidation, and obstruction of Florida residents engaged in their constitutionally protected right to petition for redress, and to amend their state constitution; and, furthermore, refrain from abusive interference with the internal political process of the sovereign state of Florida." The body of the resolution contends that the U.S. Civil Rights Commission attempted to violate the First, Fourth, and Tenth Amendment rights of three U.S. citizens, as well as their Article I, sec. 4, Article I, sec. 5, and Article XI, sec. 3 rights under the Florida Constitution.

On September 18, Congressman Mark Foley dispatched a strong letter to President Clinton, signed by seven other congressmen, detailing the incident, affirming that "we believe this is a clear violation of their First Amendment rights" and applauding Congressman Canady's plan for oversight hearings, stating, "We have serious concerns and questions about the tactics of this Commission and the manner in which it utilizes taxpayer dollars on behalf of the federal government."

Bearing bona fide press credentials, I attended the Miami hearings and had the opportunity to interview Chairman Berry before the hearings began:

Q: Is it possible that Ms. Chinn went overboard in the questioning of JoAnn Peart?
A: No, it's routine fact-finding; it's the same for all witnesses.
Q: Here's the letter to Congressman Foley; do you think Peart's objections have merit?
A: No, it's all lies, she's a liar.
Q: Here's Rob Ross's subpoena and demand for documents; do you think the staff went too far?
A: No. We didn't ask for any sensitive or intrusive information, membership lists or anything like that. The subpoenas didn't overreach. Look, these subpoenas are simply routine. Since 1957, every witness gets a subpoena. If they don't have documents they don't bring them; if they do, they do. If they refuse to comply, well, we can't force them, as we have no enforcement power. Look, this is just a misunderstanding. It's a flap blown out of proportion. These "187" people aren't very sophisticated—these people overreacted.
Q: Unsophisticated? Are you aware that Rob Ross is a former county prosecutor in Essex County, New Jersey—very familiar with subpoenas, enforcement power, and consequences for failure to comply—and is now a successful litigator in private practice?
A: No comment.
Q: How would you respond to the charge that the majority of this committee is utilizing this hearing and taxpayers' funds to advance their own political agenda?
A: That's ridiculous. Why, there are only two Democrats on this whole commission. What political agenda?
Q: Should Commissioner Reynoso have recused himself since he actively campaigned against Prop. 187?

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A: No.
Q: What is your reaction to Congressman Canady's oversight hearings investigating your commission to be held on September 27?
A: I welcome the hearings. By the way, who do you write for?

Shortly after this interview, I was placed under police surveillance for the remainder of the hearings. In addition, Chairman Berry must have reconsidered her final answer, since a Capitol Hill source witnessed her traversing the halls of the House Office Building on September 20, lobbying Democratic congressmen to quash the oversight hearings.

As for the Miami hearings, they were a taxpayer-funded pep rally for the politically correct. Of 37 panelists scheduled, 34 appeared, and 31 of those were liberals. One conservative, Dan Bradfield, Director of Political Field Operations for U.S. English, was mercilessly grilled because of his desire to make English the national language. The topics and witness list was carefully crafted, and committee counsel Stephanie Moor skillfully maneuvered her questioning in order to make it appear that attempts at immigration reform were causing racial and ethnic tensions in Miami and the state. Witness Angel Dominguez was free to label all proponents of immigration reform as racists. The only voices of reason were those of commissioners Horner and Anderson.

The site chosen for the public hearings was the posh Intercontinental Hotel, far removed from the ethnic communities the commission was ostensibly there to study. Since the "public" was conspicuously absent (staffers outnumbered observers), public facilities could have been utilized. In addition, an attendant estimated the cost to taxpayers for the 200 translation devices, four translators, two sign language interpreters, translation equipment, etc., to be approximately $6,000 per day. For the 12 hours that I attended, people and equipment went unused, since everyone spoke English.

Despite Berry's protestations, many witnesses were not subpoenaed, nor were they asked to produce any documents. On three occasions I asked Charles Rivera, the commission's Director of Public Affairs, how many of the 34 witnesses were actually subpoenaed, how many received the additional demand for documents, and how many of them complied. Rivera assured me that committee counsel Stephanie Moore would compile the information and call me. The call never came.

In response to this incident, Rob Ross concludes, "I guess there's still a need for the commission, if Congress appoints truly objective commissioners who engage strictly in fact-finding. But, as far as the majority of these commissioners . . . if they want to advance their own political agenda, let them form a political action committee, seek private donations, and enter the political fray with the rest of us, rather than hide behind the sacrosanct label of 'civil rights' with a blank check from the taxpayer. This incident was not about racial tensions, but presidential politics and the '96 election. It was a blatant effort to keep our initiatives off the ballot."

The FLA-187 volunteers are continuing their campaign undeterred. Their resolve has only been strengthened by the harassment. Readers who want copies of the proposed amendments or information on how to introduce similar initiatives in their state may call the committee at 1-800-527-0352.

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Post Mortem

by Robert C. Whitten

"A general who sees with the eyes of others will never be able to command an army as it should be."

—Napoleon I

The Generals' War: The Inside Story of the Conflict in the Gulf
by Michael R. Gordon and Bernard E. Traynor
Boston: Little, Brown; 551 pp., $27.95

◆

In Senate hearings in 1991, General Al Gray, the Marine Corps Commandant, was asked to describe the role of the Goldwater-Nichols Act of 1987 mandating "jointness," or the operational integration of the Armed Forces, in the Persian Gulf War. He answered that it had played no role. Republican Senator John Warner interrupted, "I don't think you understood the question. Let me rephrase it for you." Gray replied that he had understood the question perfectly. "Goldwater-Nichols played no role." His answer was both true and false, true in that the act was not significant with respect to jointness, false given that Goldwater-Nichols elevated the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff above the heretofore "first among equals." The authors of *The Generals' War*—respectively, defense correspondent for the *New York Times* and director of National Security Programs at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard—make clear the absence of jointness, and also the flawed performance of the then-chairman of the JCS, General Colin Powell, to whom Goldwater-Nichols assigned the dominant role in the war.

In fact, the concept of jointness was and to a large extent still is submerged in the service cultures. The Air Force, the first of the Armed Forces to take major offensive action against the Iraqis, was still dominated by the theories of Douhet and Mitchell 70 years and several wars after their origin. The Air Force leaders, both military and civilian, saw the conflict as a golden opportunity for the service to emerge from the war as the "senior service," winning without assistance from the ground or naval forces. Like the Air Force, the Navy, dominated as it was by carrier admirals, had little interest in jointness; unlike the Air Force, it did not even bother with going through the motions although it did (reluctantly) accept its sister sea service, the Marine Corps. In contrast, the Marine Corps was a fully integrated team with its ground force, air force, and logistics units working as equals. To point up the lack of integration within the Air Force, the authors cite the refusal of the tactical air wings based in Terrejon, Spain, to provide messing and berthing facilities for Military Airlift Command (MAC) transports flying troops and war materials to the Gulf. Similar considerations applied to the various arms of both the Army and the Navy. It is not surprising, then, that the services found it difficult to work and fight in cooperation with each other. Quite apart from their being disjointed, the services were spooked by the Vietnam experience.

Igor Kopelnitsky

The events that led to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait on August 2, 1990, were not particularly complex. The 1980-88 war with Iran had been disastrously expensive, leaving Iraq heavily in debt despite its great oil revenues. The poorly defended emirate to the south with its vast oil fields, some of which lay in disputed territory, was an inviting target. Once in position, the armed forces of Saddam Hussein were able to subjugate Kuwait within a few days.

Previously, the Bush administration had viewed, and to some degree courted, Saddam Hussein as a counterweight to the Iranian mullahs. Bush appointed the career diplomat and Middle East expert April Glaspie as ambassador to Iraq with a charge to continue conciliatory efforts. The attitude of the Bush administration was ambiguous right up to the onset of hostilities: it wanted to court Saddam Hussein as a counterweight to Iran, but it did not wish to see him expand beyond his current borders. When military in-

Robert C. Whitten is a commander, U.S. Naval Reserve-Retired, a national director of the Navy League of the United States, and a research scientist, NASA-Retired.

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telligence reported the Iraqi buildup on the border with Kuwait, the Bush administration discounted it. Without a coherent response to the invasion, the administration was simultaneously pulled in several directions. Secretary of Defense Cheney wanted to expel the Iraqis from Kuwait as soon as possible, while General Colin Powell had been reluctant to send even deterrent forces. The State Department proved to be as bellicose as Cheney. Secretary of State James Baker and his staff advocated the use of force, a position that was strengthened by the support of British prime minister Margaret Thatcher.

Within a few days, Washington had settled on expulsion; peacefully if possible, by force if necessary. The question was "How?" The Persian Gulf was halfway around the world from the Eastern Coast of the United States, and more than halfway from the West Coast. Vast air and sea lifts would be essential. While the former were easily accomplished, long-standing neglect of the merchant marine, both ships and sailors, had left the nation with a weakened capacity to move heavy forces to the Gulf. The reserve fleet was elderly and unreliable, and the engineers qualified to operate the stream propulsion plants were elderly too; one recalled chief engineer was 84! Despite the Reagan military buildup, the Pentagon had neglected both logistics and mine warfare. In the authors' words, "The Pentagon acted like a bachelor who forgot to pay his electric bill." That an enormous buildup of ground forces would be required was gospel to the Army chiefs, who had been impressed by Iraqi military prowess during the Iran-Iraq War. So great, indeed, was their awe that even after the Marines punctured the myth at the battle of Khafji, they refused to take notice. The ghosts of Vietnam were apparently haunting during the Army's operations in the Gulf. The war would be prosecuted by the Central Command (CENTCOM), a unified command under a Commander-in-Chief (in this case, General H. Norman Schwarzkopf, U.S. Army), who would in theory report directly to the Secretary of Defense but in reality to Colin Powell. Prior to the Gulf War, CENTCOM, which covered the Middle East and Southwest Asia (except Israel), had been a "backwater" command. Indeed, the Pentagon had intended to abolish it. Schwarzkopf was appointed C-in-C only upon the insistence of General Carl Vuono, Army Chief of Staff. Since CENTCOM was "backwater," Schwarzkopf could do little harm—or so it was thought.

The Air Force would be the first service to attack. The planning team established by Air Force Chief of Staff General Michael Dugan and headed by Colonel John Warden developed a strike priority system that emphasized disruption of the central command, control, and communications, as well as "decapitation" of the leadership, rather than the destruction of the Iraqi military forces. The Air Component Commander, Lieutenant General Charles "Chuck" Horner, objected and sent the team home, replacing it with another headed by Brigadier General Buster Glosson. Glosson, however, did not object to Warden's approach. He wanted to "go to Baghdad," and merely reworked the strategy.

In order to make the strikes effective with minimal losses, the Iraqi air defense system would have to be taken out. This system, called "Kari" (Iraq spelled backward in French), was of French design (Thomson CSF) and quite sophisticated. The Air Force found that it was vulnerable to low-level attack and to antiradiation missiles. Suppressing it would not be difficult if sufficient drones could be found to activate the system during the air attack phase. Border radar stations would be destroyed by Army helicopters. To develop strategy for the ground campaign, Schwarzkopf established a special isolated staff under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel James Purvis. The staff, which called itself "the Jedi Knights," contained no Marine officers although it did have a British representative assigned to it. The absence of Marines was to have a profound influence on combat operations. There was a justifiable concern over both the competence and the good will of the Saudi army. The Saudi attitude toward cooperation was a constant source of friction and irritation. In fact, the leaders of the French light division assigned to work with the Saudis swallowed their pride and asked to be placed under American command in the XVIII Corps. Meanwhile, the Marines were developing their own attack plans quite independently of Schwarzkopf's staff.

The attack plan included two phases. First, the air war was to destroy or suppress air defenses, then decapitate the leadership and its command and control system, eliminate weapons of mass destruction, and disrupt the economy. In the second phase, the ground forces would attack, the Marines holding the Iraqis in Kuwait while VII and XVIII Corps circled behind the Republican Guard and, in the words of Colin Powell, "cut it off and kill[ed] it." The failure fully to attain any of these objectives, and the reason for this failure, form the body of the book.

In the opening hours of the air war, a vast armada of aircraft took to the skies: B-52's from the continental United States and tankers to refuel them, F-117 stealth aircraft and F-15's from Saudi bases, carrier-based F/A-18's and A-6 attack aircraft, Army Pavelow helicopters to take out the border radars, and the Navy's sea-launched Tomahawk cruise missiles. The hunt for Scud missiles that were designed to deliver Iraqi weapons of mass destruction was completely unsuccessful, contrary to Air Force claims. While the air attack was proceeding and the ground forces were still training, the Iraqis attacked what they thought was a weak link in the coalition defenses—the Saudi army deployed near the coastal highway. The attack was initially successful. It routed the Saudis, nearly overran marine outposts to the west, and led to the capture of the town of Khafji. When the Marines counterattacked, using a combination of air and ground forces, the Iraqis fled. In fact, they showed so little taste for combat that the commander of the 1st Marine Expeditionary Force, Lieutenant General Walter Boomer, quickly became convinced that the Iraqi army was "hollow." Boomer sent a complete action report to Schwarzkopf's staff, but the message was disregarded, despite the presence of a Marine general as Chief of Staff. Failure to appreciate the Khafji battle profoundly influenced the course of the war.

The poor condition of the Iraqi troops was evident even before the air phase had ended. Thousands of Iraqis, including senior officers, surrendered whenever they saw an opportunity. Others deserted. Of the 10,000 man Hammurabi Division of the Republican Guard, 5,000 had deserted and 400 were casualties on "G-Day." Moreover, the Iraqis never picked up changes in the coalition deployment. They could not navigate in the open desert and assumed that the coalition forces could not either. Nevertheless, the coalition high command

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drew no inferences concerning the disposition of the Iraqi army and its low morale. The plan (if one can call it that) adopted by the coalition would, in fact, make it extremely difficult to "close the door" on escaping Iraqi forces.

Contrary to the demands of a sound strategy, which would have held as many Iraqis in Kuwait as possible, the Marines led the attack. Using ingenuity to penetrate rapidly the Iraqi defenses in Kuwait, they drove to Kuwait City in three days, foiling an attempt by the aggressive commander of the Iraqi III Corps to hit them on the flank through a screen of smoke from burning oil wells. In contrast to the rapid forward movement of the Marines, the Army's VII Corps—a clanking armored monster, something out of *Jurassic Park* in configuration and tactics, and designed to counter a Soviet thrust through the Fulda Gap in "the war that never was"—would require seven to ten days to take out the Republican Guard. Moreover, the Corps would not fight at night despite the overwhelming technological advantage for night-fighting held by the U.S. Army. Schwarzkopf exploded when he learned of the delay, but did little to goad its commander, Lieutenant General Frederick Franks. Meanwhile, XVIII Corps raced ahead. The commander, Lieutenant General Gary Lucks, had split his forces. To the west, the 82nd Airborne Division and the (light) 6th French Division raced across the desert while the 101st Airborne and Major General Barry McCaffery's 34th Mechanized Infantry Division charged between them and XVIII Corps.

The end of the third day of the ground war thus found the Marines at the gates to Kuwait City, XVIII Corps in a position to cross the Euphrates and cut off all the escape routes of the Iraqis, but the mighty VII Corps lagging far behind, "killing gnats with sledge hammers." By this time the Bush administration, prodded by Colin Powell, had begun to think of terminating the war. Incredibly, *no plans* had been laid for ending the war. Powell himself seems to have been concerned only with restoring the Army's honor after the debacle of Vietnam. Not only did he wish a crushing victory, but he wanted to avoid a high number of Iraqi casualties. Optimistic reports from Schwarzkopf combined with the Powell "spin" persuaded President Bush to end the war at the 100 hour (four day) mark. Asked how he felt about this more or less arbitrary decision, Bush replied that he was uneasy. Whatever one may think of George Bush, it must be conceded that his World War II experiences as a Navy bomber pilot had made him wary of "quick fixes" in war. Nevertheless, Vietnam had affected him too; he would not overrule his commander in the field.

What is one to make of all this? Is the story of the Gulf War presented by Gordon and Traynor reliable? In the June 1993 issue of *U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings*, Colonel John Burton, USAF-Retired, published an article, "Pushing Them Out the Back Door" (later included as an appendix in his book *The Pentagon Wars*), which suggested the broad outline of *The Generals' War*. A flurry of dissenting "comments" from the Army failed to dent Burton's thesis. Indeed, Burton's account is quite consistent with Gordon's and Traynor's where the two overlap, and both are consistent with Bob Woodward's version, presented in *The Commanders*.

If one accepts the Gordon and Traynor version of the Gulf War (as this reviewer does), one is led to several inescapable conclusions. First, each service followed the Sinatra method—by doing things "its way." Jointness was an illusion created by the high command and the Pentagon; it never existed in the Gulf War. And one wonders what Schwarzkopf's Chief of Staff, Marine Major General Robert Johnston, was doing during the planning process. He obviously knew the Marines, yet never implanted their mode of warfare on the collective mind of the staff. Was he, as many officers were, cowed by Schwarzkopf?

Second, while the air war was critical to the outcome, it alone did not win the conflict, as was shown by an independent Air Force survey. The Marines also engaged in self-criticism, but the Army refused to do so. Instead, it denied the importance of the air attack on the Republican Guard, and promoted Franks to four stars and the important Training and Doctrine Command.

Third, American technology simply overwhelmed the Iraqis, more than compensating for the mistakes of the coalition commanders.

Fourth, the only members of the coalition who contributed substantial forces to the war effort were the British and the French. The British 1st Armored Division under Major General Rupert Smith and the French 6th Division were hard-charging units largely (but not entirely) integrated into the American command system.

Fifth, the importance of the prepositioned large stocks of military supplies and the construction of military facilities, especially airfields, cannot be overemphasized. It is most unlikely that such favorable conditions could exist anywhere else outside Western Europe and North America.

Sixth, while the Goldwater-Nichols Act did not advance the cause of "jointness" during the Gulf War, it did confer enormous authority on the chairman of the JCS, thus contradicting the rule of civilian control of the armed forces (a consideration given little if any notice by the national press).

Seven, the war in Vietnam, looming in the background, influenced all of the American commanders up to the Commander-in-Chief himself. In an odd and undoubtedly unintended way, Robert S. McNamara's *In Retrospect* is a timely contribution to national security as the United States revises its national security system. The micromanagement characteristic of McNamara's prosecution of the Vietnam War stands in counterpoint to George Bush's propensity to take the opposite tack. The extremes of micromanagement and over-loose control by the civilian authorities must be avoided in future conflicts.

Eight, Colin Powell deserves criticism for his obsession with recovering the Army's honor at the expense of national interests (the two do not always coincide). Indeed, Powell's narrow focus argues against his fitness for the presidency—and the job of commander-in-chief. Schwarzkopf, on the other hand, apparently promoted far above his level of competence, may have been, in the immortal words of W.S. Gilbert, "the very model of a modern major general." C

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Up From Television

by The Reverend Ian Boyd

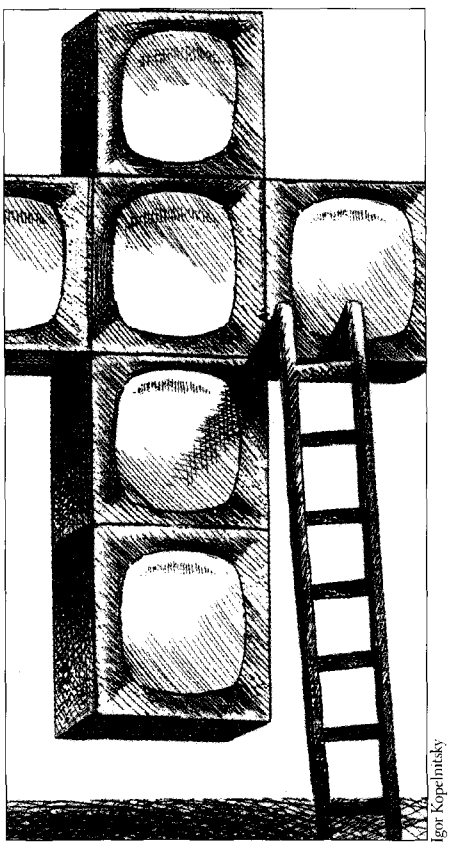
"I came to cast fire upon earth; and would that it were already kindled!"
—Luke 12:29

Crossing the Threshold of Hope
by His Holiness John Paul II
New York: Alfred A. Knopf;
229 pp., $20.00

◆

In order to mark the 15th anniversary of Pope John Paul II's election to the Papacy, Italian Radio and Television commissioned Vittorio Messori to conduct a live television interview with the Pope. It must have seemed a good idea at the time. Vittorio Messori is the author of a number of books and articles; but outside Italy, he is best known for the *Ratzinger Report*, a very readable account of a series of conversations with Cardinal Ratzinger. When that book appeared, some of the people who admired Cardinal Ratzinger most expressed misgivings about his taking part in such a project. No doubt the opinions of the man entrusted with safeguarding moral and doctrinal orthodoxy within the Catholic Church were matters of keen interest to people who read journalism, but was it really wise for the Head of the Holy Office to share his private thoughts with the world? He was the spokesman for a tradition. Did not the very format of an interview, with its emphasis on personality, encourage the false notion that his pronouncements somehow depended on his own background and personal idiosyncrasies? Nevertheless, the book was full of good things, and it deserved to be an international best-seller.

Ten years later, it would certainly have been a *coup* if Signor Messori had been able to repeat his success by interviewing not a distinguished Curial Cardinal, but the Pope himself. At first, everything seemed to favor the project. Dr. Joaquin Navarro-Valls, the Vatican Press Secretary and Opus Dei notable, was said to be one of its staunchest supporters. Admittedly, the program would not be quite what it seemed. Questions were prepared and sent to the Pope, so that he would have an opportunity to consider what he would say before the live interview took place.



Igor Kopelnitsky

In the end, however, there was no interview. According to Messori's own somewhat vague explanation, the Pope's "many obligations" prevented his participation in the interview. It looks as though someone had second thoughts about the television program. At this point, an alternative arrangement was suggested. Unable or unwilling to respond to the journalist in person, the Pope offered to send him written answers to his questions, answers which he would write during the brief moments when he was free from the obligations of what must truly be a busy schedule. *Crossing the Threshold of Hope* is the record of the Pope's answers to the journalist's questions, the written word substituted for the television word.

Everything disappointing about the book can be blamed on what it owes to the format of the failed TV program. The questions, for the most part, are unctuous and vague, and it is difficult to discover any logical order to the topics that they raise. Beginning with questions about the meaning of the Papacy and some standard questions about proofs for the existence of God, the centrality of salvation, and the meaning of evil, the questions then veer towards such topics as "Why are there so many religions?" and the Pope's views about Buddhism, Islam, and Judaism, only to end, in the final and most interesting part of the book, with a hodgepodge of questions about everything from the fall of communism to the reality of hell.

From the nature of the book, there is of course no opportunity to develop a line of thought beyond the original answers that the Pope provides, since there are no follow-up questions. On the other hand, in the preface, Messori admits to having *added* questions to the final text of the book. Since these additional questions are never identified, the reader can only guess whether a particular question that the Pope seems to be answering is one that he has ever been asked. In a sense, it does not really matter. Much of what is best about the book comes from the Pope's efforts to transcend the format imposed on him by the stilted questions. Like the university lecturer he once was, he will correct a clumsy question or challenge the assumptions on which a question is based, or even anticipate the sort of question that a slow student might not have the courage to ask. It is appropriate, therefore, that some of the banal questions he answers should turn out never to have been asked. Trying to guess which ones they are adds an element of fun to an interview that, understandably, is not notable for its humor.

But if there is little humor in this book, there is a good deal of cheerfulness. One of the themes running through the Pope's reflections, like a golden thread, is a strong affirmation of the reality of joy. He describes his first Encyclical letter *Redemptor Hominis*

The Reverend Ian Boyd is editor of the Chesterton Review.

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(1978) as a hymn of joy for the fact that man has been redeemed through Christ; and he affirms the essential "joy of creation" that is completed by "the joy of salvation." Commenting on the international youth rallies that have been a distinctive feature of his pontificate, he sees a religious significance in the *joie de vivre* of the young, because their happiness reflects "something of the original joy God had in creating man." Even the sad experience of living under Nazi and Communist rule has done little to diminish the 75-year-old Pontiff's good spirits. Like Chesterton, he seems consumed by what the great English writer called "a fury for life." Yet there are also hints that the Pope knows the meaning of personal betrayal. At least, that would seem to be the implication of his simple and almost childlike confession of his faith in the One "who walks alongside each person as a Friend—the only Friend who will not disappoint him, on whom he can always count." But cheerfulness keeps on breaking through. Prayer, he explains, is not primarily a matter of discipline and difficulty; it is rather the most effective way of making God present in our lives. In answer to a question about the apparent silence of God, he refuses to be gloomy, pointing out that God has already said everything through the revelation of the Incarnate Word, and that there is, in any case, an ongoing communication that takes place in the lives of all believing people: the actions of the sacraments are, after all, the actions of Christ. And then, as a sort of casual aside, he points out the corollary of this cheerful sacramental theology, by summarizing the entire history of the 20th century as an unsuccessful attempt to stifle the voice of God.

One of the more curious features of the book is the Pope's ambivalent attitude toward the Western world. He refers to the struggle against God in the West, and he asserts that, for three centuries, the life and thought of the West has been characterized by the "systematic elimination of God." Even the Marxist collectivism under which he and his people suffered such hardship is dismissed contemptuously as being no more than a "cheap version" of this same antireligious plan. More than that, he sees Western consumerism as a force more powerful than communism in undermining religious faith and traditional morality. At the same time, in spite of his many references to the need to evangelize the consumerist society of the West, he is critical of social movements that attempt to undertake this task: in his view, those who are engaged in an intense dialogue with contemporary culture are in constant danger of being overwhelmed by it, and, in any case, since individual holiness is the key to all effective action, no social action has any value which does not proceed from prayer. There is scarcely a word about strategies for the evangelization of contemporary culture. On this question, as on all others, his thinking remains uncompromisingly supernatural. In a passage of great eloquence, he says that every civilization, including Western civilization, is saved only by its hidden saints, and he then proudly lists the victims of the Nazi death camps and communist gulags as the heroes of our century. Interestingly, in his roll-call of martyrs, he is careful to include the forgotten martyrs of the Spanish Civil War.

But a difficulty remains which the book never precisely addresses. According to the Pope, the interior life of prayer is the key to everything good both in the life of the individual and society. The emphasis is firmly on individual responsibility and individual discipline. Yet the Pope's sacramental theology also implies something quite different. The sacramental principle, after all, is communitarian, and the sanctity of the individual must, therefore, ultimately depend on the health of the community that is supposed to support the individual's efforts to be good. If there are "structures of sin" that perpetuate and magnify individual evil, there are also structures of virtue that make it easier for people to lead good lives. In spite of the dangers of social action, the evangelization of culture must somehow take place and strategies for such an evangelization require more than a call for individual holiness. If the consumerist culture of the West possesses a terrible power to undermine religious faith, then there is an urgent need to challenge and transform that culture. The Pope's approving references to Pope Paul VI's writing on this subject make it clear that he regards the matter as critical. It is disappointing that in this book he is never given an opportunity to develop his ideas on the subject.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of this book is its epigrammatic quality. What it lacks in overall design, it more than compensates for in the power of its individual comments. It is a case of the parts being more impressive than the whole. The small sayings are the memorable ones, and there are enough of them to form a book of aphorisms. Long after the reader has forgotten the particular points which the Pope makes about the thinking of Descartes and Kant, he is likely to remember the Pope's brisk and Protestant-sounding comment that the title "Christian" has far greater significance than the title "bishop," even if the subject is the Bishop of Rome; and that the title "Vicar of Christ" is one that should be applied to every Christian. Concerning the Incarnation of Christ and the "closeness" of God to human life that this Mystery implies, he says: "Man was no longer able to tolerate such closeness, and then the protests began. This great protest has precise names—first it is called the Synagogue, and then Islam." Concerning the insensitivity to the "Last Things" promoted by secularism, he suggests that the "hells on earth" created in the 20th century have contributed to this insensitivity: "Can man possibly expect anything worse from this world, an even greater amount of humiliation and contempt? In a word, hell? . . . Is not hell in a certain sense the ultimate safeguard of man's moral conscience?"

Finally, something should be said about the attractive quality of the book as a physical object. Beautifully and clearly printed on heavy paper, it is a delight to read. Even its compact size is right: larger than a paperback, but still small enough to hold easily, and just the right size to take with you on a journey. The publisher and printer deserve credit for their work. The translation is more difficult to judge. Certainly the Italian version has been rendered into smooth and idiomatic English. Nevertheless, it is disconcerting to learn that the reader is two stages removed from the original text, which was written in Polish. For a project of this importance, it should have been possible to find someone competent to translate the book directly from that language. If the Italian publishers could find such a person, why couldn't Alfred A. Knopf? In the television interview that never happened and that would never have been remembered if it had taken place, the failure to find the exact words would scarcely have mattered; but, in a noble book that will last, the words ought to be exactly right.

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Geneology of a Movement

by Paul Gottfried

The Rise of Neoconservatism: Intellectuals and Foreign Affairs, 1945-1994
by John Ehrman
New Haven: Yale University Press; 241 pp., $27.50

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During many an evening conversation, Sam Francis, Murray Rothbard, Lew Rockwell, and I have dwelled on a particular topic with relish: Who was the first neoconservative? Our responses varied, depending on the latest neoconservative outrage and which obnoxious historical personalities we were then reading about. After looking at John Ehrman's book and the summer issue of *Foreign Affairs*, my latest answer to the big question is Arthur Schlesinger. From his tract *The Vital Center*, published in September 1949, to his feature essay in *Foreign Affairs* on the need for presidential guidance in dealing with the isolationist habits of the American people, Schlesinger has been the direct intellectual source of everything paleoconservatives rage against. Ehrman properly characterizes Schlesinger's *Vital Center* as "the unifying ideology for liberal internationalism" and cites *Commentary*'s commendation of "the precision, vitality, and emotional power of his restatement of commonly accepted views." Of course, the views in question were never "commonly accepted," outside of a certain liberal internationalist elite. It was to them, as Ehrman indicates, that Schlesinger appealed by fixing the Cold War in their universe of discourse. He declared democracy to be a universal "faith," one that Americans should labor to realize more fully at home and abroad, and he held up the ideal of a dynamic welfare state as a guide for democratic practice. Indeed, social democracy for Schlesinger occupied the vital center between the communists and the right. And while the communists were an easily demarcated group in his demonology, which he identified with Soviet expansion, Schlesinger's right was a vaguer term of reference. It embraced everyone to the right of the New Deal and lumped together fascists, Nazis, and anti-New Deal isolationists. Schlesinger added to the roster of standard leftist bugaboos the Soviets and their agents, while presenting the communists as a variation on the authoritarian right. He also stressed the need to promote social reforms domestically and among our allies, to uphold the vital center and the democratic faith. Without such an agenda, American anticommunism, he feared, might become a movement of the right.

What Ehrman does not treat sufficiently is Schlesinger's use of political terms. Both Schlesinger and his self-declared admirer Daniel P. Moynihan admire Woodrow Wilson. In his *Foreign Affairs* essay, Schlesinger depicts Wilson as a man who sensibly pursued "national interest" during World War I and then sacrificed himself to the principle of a new democratic order. As ambassador to the United Nations in 1974, Moynihan proclaimed Wilson to be his own guiding visionary: Wilson represented "the quest for legitimacy in the world order" and spoke for "the duty to defend and, where possible, to advance democratic principles in the world at large, for democracy in one country was not enough simply because it would not last." It is unclear how anyone who favors liberal restraints on the federal administration or democratic self-government could venerate as an icon Woodrow Wilson, who with his administrators trampled on civil liberties and incited mob violence, first in pushing the United States into the war and then in guiding the war efforts. Curiously, Schlesinger would not deny that vigorous actions had to be taken to "prepare" America for its new international role and to reform the country domestically. He makes precisely this case in both *The Vital Center* and in his recent essay in *Foreign Affairs*, where he glorifies Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt for "preparing" a nation hardened in isolationism to embrace a new international identity.

The speeches Moynihan made in the 70's, decrying Third World opposition to American democracy and to "our system," were derived from Schlesinger's political semantics. Though Erhman is sympathetic to both Moynihan and Schlesinger, he admits that Moynihan drew his conception of democracy from Wilson as well. At that time, this genealogy was not entirely clear, and many traditional conservatives, including hard-hat types, praised the New Deal Democrat Moynihan for his "old-fashioned patriotism." In contrast with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, Moynihan was perceived as defying Third World dictators. But he was for years squishy soft on social democratic India, which, unlike our ally Pakistan, combined elections with a socialist bureaucracy. Presumably India, before Indira Gandhi assumed dictatorial power in 1975, was Moynihan's idea of a model Third World country.

The opinion of Moynihan, Schlesinger, and other contributors to *Commentary* and the *New Republic*—that democracy is safe nowhere unless imposed universally—has been the common view of all zealous revolutionaries. Robespierre and Lenin insisted that their own highest value, whether Jacobin centralization or Marxism, was at risk everywhere unless everyone could be made to embrace it. The delusion is at odds with the liberal constitutional arrangements and the practice of communal self-determination inherent in our national founding. Moynihan's expansive democratism is the imperialist by-product of the managerial revolution suffered by the United States at the beginning of the century, a revolution which stressed both internationalism and frenzied social planning.

Despite his fulsome praise of his neoconservative subjects, Ehrman does help to explain the difficulty of conservative dialogue at the present time. Words like "democracy," "nation," and "right" do not mean the same things for neoconservatives and their critics on the right. Some of this disagreement is caused by the formers' special pleading, e.g., for the Israeli right, and their dislike for certain nationalities. But beyond these quirks, which Ehrman does not hide and sometimes defends, there are serious conceptual and semantic differences which make it impossible for those embroiled in the conservative wars to communicate. In reading Bill Kauffman's anthol-

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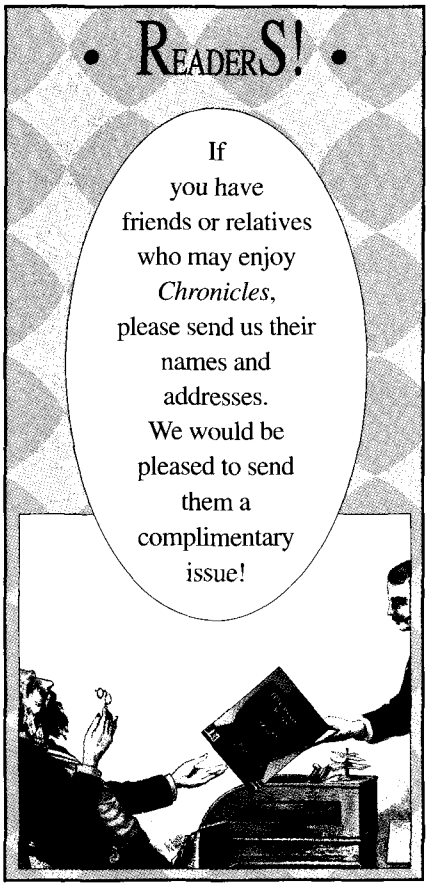
ogy of essays in *America First!*, I was reminded of this fact. Those political habits Kauffman defends as "republican" or "populist" were axiomatic for most Americans 100 years ago. Now they are presented as a rediscovered legacy: what Kauffman calls neo-isolationism was once a corollary of decentralized political society with a constitutionally limited federal government. Like other paleoconservatives, Kauffman believes that the American republic did not simply yield to public administration or to a "democratic" empire. Rather, it was commandeered by intellectuals and politicians who profited from the metamorphosis.

The truth lies somewhere in between Kauffman and Schlesinger, albeit closer to the former than the latter. Historical forces, socioeconomic and demographic, pushed us into becoming a bureaucratized empire, and much of that change occurred with popular endorsement. But the result has been a distinctly undemocratic regime—in the sense that it does not allow true self-government—under which those shared powers mandated by the constitution have withered away.

An illustration of the disagreement between neo- and paleoconservatives is the discrepancy between their respective concepts of a free market. Both camps profess belief in the free market economy, though for one it is compatible with an extensive federal welfare state but not protectionism, while for the other protectionism but not the existent welfare state fits with a sensible political economy. The reasons for this have partly to do with historical associations. Neoconservatives, as social democratic internationalists, see government-brokered trade agreements as useful in overcoming political and cultural differences, while leaving the welfare state intact; at least some paleoconservatives regard tariffs as a legitimate source of government revenue, and protection for "American jobs." But the opponents of high tariffs in the Progressive and New Deal eras typically favored the creation and extension of "internal" revenues which would be collected not at the borders but throughout the country. Big government advocates, like Wilson and the two Roosevelts, called for reducing tariffs, while vastly increasing other revenues. Whence the semantic impasse: neoconservatives like Charles Krauthammer accuse paleoconservatives of being fascist corporativists for rejecting NAFTA, while paleoconservatives like Pat Buchanan mock neoconservatives for combing social democracy with indifference to American workers.

The intellectuals described by Ehrman and their predecessors in the Progressive Era misrepresented the subversion that was taking place. Far more insidiously than the plodding fanatics who were exposed as communists, the liberal internationalists derailed the American experiment in self-government. They made it unfashionable and even immoral to distinguish between popular self-government and executive dictatorships "preparing" great leaps forward. Those who make a distinction between the two are not likely to write for *Foreign Affairs* or *National Interest*. In two polemics published in *Commentary*, one in 1986 and the other in 1988, we learn that traditional American conservatives are the "heirs of the Christian and aristocratic Middle Ages." While Ehrman accepts this questionable generalization, he also describes paleoconservatives as "heirs to Robert Taft and the tradition of midwestern isolationism." Traditional conservatives, he says, are "suspicious of internationalism, let alone any hint of Wilsonian crusade." In point of fact, the war on and for the right is being fought entirely within the horizon of political modernity, between traditional American republicans and the heirs of Wilson's "democratic" imperialism. Those on the right who have not been converted to the "vital center" are contesting the ascendancy of the Schlesingerites now posing as conservatives. Without practicing deconstruction, one can easily tease this out of Ehrman's text.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania.



Doll Studies

by William J. Watkins, Jr.

Forced Justice: School Desegregation and the Law
by David J. Armor
New York: Oxford University Press; 271 pp., $35.00

◆

In 1954, the Supreme Court held in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* that the state-sponsored segregation of children in public schools was a violation of the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment, and thus unconstitutional. The Court reasoned that segregation "generates a feeling of inferiority . . . that may affect their [black children's] hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." The decision, based more on fashionable social science than law, overturned a 58-year-old precedent and shocked much of the nation.

Brown was the first salvo of an all-out assault on what remained of our dual system of government. The power of the judiciary expanded exponentially—courts replaced local elected school boards and began to make decisions regarding the hiring of faculty, busing, school locations, resource allocation, and the placement of public housing. According to the conventional wisdom, this was necessary because mixed-race schools would be socially and educationally beneficial to all concerned. Integration would raise black self-esteem, eliminate prejudice through racial contact, and improve black academic perfor-

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mance. Judges have now had 42 years to engineer a better world, and are not done yet, as many school districts are still under court supervision.

In *Forced Justice: School Desegregation and the Law*, David J. Armor sheds light on the results of this experiment. Armor examines numerous studies involving key topics such as black self-esteem, housing preferences, academic performance, and white flight. The conclusions he draws cast serious doubts on the desegregation policy of the past 40 years.

To begin with, Armor assembles results from studies that question the influential work of Kenneth and Mamie Clark. The Clarks' doll studies, conducted in the 1930's, concluded that black children's preferences for white dolls was evidence of low self-esteem. The results of the study were frequently cited in the appeals process leading to *Brown*, which clearly built on the belief that low black self-esteem led to lower black academic performance. Armor cites research from the immediate post-Brown era—a time before any real desegregation took place—showing that segregation does *not* appear to harm the self-esteem of blacks, and that "desegregation not only fails to improve black self-esteem but may in fact lower it."

Armor goes on to tackle myths surrounding housing segregation and its causes. The standard belief is that blacks desire to move into predominately white neighborhoods but are prevented from doing so because of discrimination. According to studies cited by Armor, however, black and white preferences—not discrimination—lead to most housing segregation. Black respondents preferred neighborhoods that were half black and half white and tended to avoid neighborhoods that were predominately white, whereas two-thirds of the white respondents said they would try to leave any neighborhood that became 50 percent black. Simple arithmetic dictates that it is impossible for most blacks (making up less than 13 percent of the population) to live in 50-50 neighborhoods. Moreover, neighborhoods that are truly integrated (predominately white) are unacceptable to blacks. This Catch-22 makes housing integration, and consequently neighborhood school integration, impossible.

Finally, Armor looks at black academic performance and desegregation. Segregated schools, according to *Brown*, were "inherently unequal" and responsible for poor academic performance by blacks. The statistical evidence shows that scholastic gains have been as large for segregated blacks as for desegregated blacks. After examining the data, Armor concludes that "Enhanced academic achievement is probably the last reason why any agency or individual should endorse desegregation policies."

The evidence he presents makes the case that the desegregated utopia promised by the left is but a specter. There is, however, a major flaw in this important work since, his own research to the contrary, Armor refuses to question the wisdom behind desegregation itself. He proposes "equity choice"—entailing ever more extensive governmental interference in the form of vouchers, increased spending on magnet schools in urban areas, and affirmative action-like criteria for student transfers—to replace current desegregation policies. Never does it occur to him that communities ought to be free from all schemes of social engineering. Though political correctness keeps the blinders in place over the author's eyes, *Forced Justice* should spark discussion of the desegregation dilemma in other less enlightened circles.

William J. Watkins, Jr., is the assistant editor of The Freeman.

The End of Time

by Loxley F. Nichols

In the Tennessee Country
by Peter Taylor
New York: Alfred A. Knopf Press;
226 pp., $21.00

◆

In his last novel, *In the Tennessee Country*, published the summer before Peter Taylor's death on November 2, 1994, a man, the narrator's cousin, "chucks" his family, his home, and his identity, and disappears. What is important about Cousin Aubrey, however, is not so much his mysterious absence from the narrator's life as his lingering presence in the narrator's imagination.

The narrator, Nathan Tucker Longfort, begins his story with a journey he took as a six-year-old child from Washington, D.C., to Tennessee aboard a funeral train carrying the body of his grandfather, a late United States senator and former governor of Tennessee. It was during this trip that Nathan's interest in Aubrey was aroused, and it was upon completion of it that Aubrey disappeared. Throughout his early years, Nathan Longfort attends a succession of family funerals which occasion the phantomlike appearances and disappearances of Aubrey Bradshaw, the "outside" (illegitimate) cousin who had been Nathan's mother's first love, and each time his interest in this mysterious cousin is intensified. This interest in Cousin Aubrey comes to represent not only a romantic fascination with the past, but an escape from the responsibility of the present. As a young man, Nathan pursues art history rather than painting. In so doing, he compromises both his talent and his integrity. His subsequent political maneuverings in academia are surpassed only by his ability to publish books that are mere rewrites of each other.

Repetition in and of itself is not necessarily a bad thing, however. In fact, in this novel Taylor uses repetition as a means of incantation. Anecdotes are told and retold, and their sheer weight gives the narrative a lethargic quality, a dreamy "atmosphere" (to use the author's own word) that is characteristic of much of Taylor's fiction. Expectation and tedium are beautifully counterpoised here. The plot develops in such small increments and in such waves of repetition that the reader ultimately feels stalled in time. The sweep of memory is a tide that builds steadily but almost imperceptibly until there is no distinction between past and present—or future, for that matter. According to the Chinese proverb quoted by the narrator: "Time is nothing . . . character and experience and precious memory is all."

Peter Taylor's Tennessee country is a state of mind, a way of thinking that lays claim to both one's conscious and subconscious, one's waking and dreaming. It is the juncture at which time and place cohere with the infinite and indelible. It is a comfortable place to be, a secure place to come to, but it is also an impediment to growth and development. The Tennessee country is also the South, and Nathan's obsession with Aubrey is the Southerner's obsession with his past, with the War, with history. This obsession stifles him, yet paradoxically gives him substance as memory attempts to

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sift meaning from events, extract knowledge from narration. The narrator is convinced that vision is attainable only through revision.

Through this leisurely journey into the sensibilities of the now retired art historian's musings on his past, his family, and his career, Taylor implies that the creation of art is more a matter of choice than fate. Nathan Longfort's real loss is not the cousin who vanished, but rather his own lost opportunities. His failure is a failure of nerve and of will and of effort. The recognition of his son's talent is for Nathan Longfort a confrontation with his own failure. In the beauty and originality of Brax's paintings, the father sees the fulfillment of a promise he himself had abandoned. It is a small moment, yet pivotal to the meaning of the entire book. In reconciling himself to what is, to what has come to be, the father is left disconnected, enervated, and mute. Thereafter, the arrival of the morning mail, the ring of the telephone no longer cause him to glance up. That this son is named Braxton Bragg Longfort is apparently an ironic reference to the historic namesake who brought doom to Tennessee and, in effect, the whole Confederacy through his self-interest and ineptitude. This Braxton Bragg is perhaps more of a Nathan Bedford Forest in his unconventionality and his devotion to a cause, just as Nathan Longfort is in some ways the real Braxton Bragg.

Although Taylor's first full-scale novel, *A Summons to Memphis*, won the PEN/Faulkner award and the Pulitzer Prize in 1986, *In the Tennessee Country* is the superior work. Its characters are more sympathetic (and complex), its humor more effective, its themes and ideas more compelling. Perhaps the greatest distinction is simply a matter of taste, however. While the first novel dwells mainly in an arid truncated world of the present, the second renders tellingly the lure of the past, where, despite folly and meanness, gallantry is at least expected and the heroic gesture is commonplace; where, for example, the recitation of poetry is a familiar part of family gatherings.

In this book, the telling is as important as the story itself. Nathan Longfort uses words generously, conjuring a scene with speculation when he lacks details. Thus, hearsay and even the barest skeleton of a story become a vicarious dramatic recreation, a tale not only to be related but performed as art, just as are Nathan's mother's dramatic recitations. Yet by filling in the gaps with his imagination, the speaker is really attempting to know in the deepest sense that which he cannot know literally. It is as though experience becomes real only when it is past, when it is consumed by time and preserved as art.

Loxley F. Nichols teaches in the English and Writing/Media departments of Loyola College in Baltimore, Maryland.

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Letter From Waco

by Mary Alice Cook

A Visit to Mount Carmel

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We are headed north on Interstate 35 from Austin to Dallas, on the tail end of an unexpected trip to Texas. The dog days of August have not been quite as unbearable as we anticipated but are still startlingly hot by our Alaskan standards. Beside the interstate, we glimpse many small Protestant churches, mostly of the Southern Baptist variety, interspersed with the upstart Pentecostal competition. The Grace Gospel Campground proclaims by way of the ubiquitous large plastic sign that "Jesus Heals!" We are passing through Waco, in the middle of the buckle on the Bible Belt.

It is Sunday morning and we are hungry, so we have breakfast at the Cracker Barrel, that quintessential interstate highway mecca for "country cookin'" at which one may conveniently eat and purchase from an abundance of useless, potpourri-scented items. I am vaguely surprised at the number of casually dressed folks in the dining room. Surely they cannot all be tourists, and yet I would have expected the denizens of Waco to be on their way to the "church of their choice." Never mind. Neither are we on our way to the church of our choice. We have decided to take a look at Mount Carmel, once and future home of the Waco Branch Davidians.

We ask directions from a woman pumping gas at a convenience store and from a man fishing on a sluggish creek. Both are friendly, smiling at our inquiry in the way that amused locals do when observing the antics of out-of-towners. But their directions are vague and unclear; we drive several miles out of our way down a pretty "farm to market" road, winding up at a little settlement called Elk. Retracing our path, we spot a man whacking weeds beside the road, so we slow down, rolling down the windows to call out to him. Before we say a word, he says peremptorily, "Go down to that intersection, turn right and it's the first right after that." We surmise that he has given these directions many times, yet he does not seem annoyed. We laugh and thank him, and in a couple of minutes we are greeted by a sign which says, "Congratulations—you found the compound." Sabbath services are listed on another sign—morning prayer is at 9:00 A.M. and Bible study at 3:00 P.M. I wonder what attendance is like these days.

I am somehow surprised that we do not find a heavy iron gate and armed sentinels. Instead, we see only a small dog and a blonde, weatherbeaten woman who is doing chores, oblivious to our arrival. There are two or three ramshackle buildings which appear to be held together with duct tape; one, made of plywood and painted black, is identified as the "Loud Cry Museum," and we are advised that admission is free. Another building, topped with a white wooden cross, appears to be a tiny office, while the function of a third is not readily apparent but seems to have some sort of stage attached to it. The only other structure in this cluster is an outhouse.

The weatherbeaten woman greets us, and in response to our inquiry says that we are welcome to walk all over the site. From the information in the museum and the literature she sells, we learn that she is Amo Paul Bishop Roden, wife of George Roden, whose parents founded the Branch Davidian sect. It was from George Roden that a handsome young hippie (her description) calling himself David Koresh wrested control of the Waco property along with dominance of the sect in 1987. Amo Roden was present when George was shot in the chest by Koresh, and since that time she has fought to regain control of the property. She has apparently spent the last eight years writing legal briefs, fighting the Texas welfare department for custody of her daughter, and struggling to navigate her way through the murky waters of sex and drugs surrounding the Davidian sect. By her own account, she is a college-educated "systems analyst" who once assessed the likelihood of a nuclear first strike by the Soviet Union; she offered her findings to the United States government but was rejected. She is 50-something, an untidy-looking woman wearing a loose denim dress and leather sandals. Her teeth are bad, and she has an unfashionable amount of body hair. Most people of modern sensibility would be repelled by her.

The Loud Cry Museum contains nine small bicycles, mangled and rusty, a few battered toys, and many pages of text which are an apologia for the Branch Davidian beliefs. The explanatory signs are hand-lettered, and on one we read, "Thirty years ago, the New World Order planned for you to be: Too dumb to notice, too stressed to care, too poor to act . . . [and] unarmed." Another sign advises us that as part of the United States government's ongoing persecution of the Davidians, Amo Roden is subjected to nightly tear gas attacks, along with repeated theft and destruction of religious artifacts from the site.

Vehicles are barred from moving further into the compound by a sawhorse barricade, so we proceed on foot. A sign warns that hazards here include: "broken glass, nails, sharp metal, razor blade wire, deep water, open pits, unmarked washouts, rubble piles, wildlife—Enter At Your Own Risk." It is about 10:00 A.M., and the morning heat seems to be rising from the earth in steamy waves. At this point, there are no other sightseers, and the only sound besides the crunch of gravel is the whir and buzz of many insects in the tall dry grass. We see a small altar in front of an old delivery truck which appears to be someone's living quarters. A sign says that "Christ the Branch was crucified afresh and became a curse for the sins of his followers." There is no scriptural reference, so it is not clear to whom this refers; given the bad blood between the Rodens and David Koresh, it is difficult to believe that it refers to the latter. However, in her quest to transform Mount Carmel from a few areas fought over by warring sectarians into a place of memorial for the Davidian martyrs, perhaps Amo Roden has seen fit to bury the hatchet. Beside the altar is a donation box for the "Living Waters Branch of Righteousness—Rebuilding Fund."

Across from the altar is the most striking sight in the whole compound. In a well-tended plot of ground are rows of white wooden crosses, each shaded by a blooming pink Crape Myrtle bush. With a few exceptions, each cross displays the name and, in some cases, a pic-

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ture of each Davidian killed in the 1993 fire. A granite monument, erected by the Northeast Texas Regular Militia of Texarkana, Texas, reads: "On February 28, 1993, a church and its members known as Branch Davidians came under attack by ATF and FBI agents. For fifty-one days the Davidians and their leader, David Koresh, stood proudly. On April 19, 1993, the Davidians and their church were burned to the ground. Eighty-two people perished during the siege, eighteen were children ten years old or younger."

We walk among the crosses, noting a few names here and there. Cross number ten is Shari Elayna Doyle, age 18, a pretty, smiling girl with long blonde hair. She looks no different from most of my teenaged sons' female classmates. Number 14 is Dayland Lord Gent, age three. Three children play Ring Around the Rosy and smile at the camera. Dayland must be the little guy in the middle. Rachel Sylvia, age 13, is number 78. Her dark hair is held back by a headband and her smile is wide but a bit shy. She is holding what appears to be a book or a package. Next to her is Lorraine Sylvia, age 40, obviously Rachel's mom. She is a youthful-looking, attractive woman, balancing a toddler on her hip. Chica Jones, number 33, was only one and a half years old. There is no picture, so we do not know if Chica was a boy or a girl. We search in vain for a cross dedicated to David Koresh. Possibly it is one of the unmarked ones—no doubt souvenir hunters would rip off a picture as soon as it was put there.

Across the road are ruins of the buildings, piles of dirt and rubble with sunflowers growing everywhere, riotously and incongruously. On the remains of a concrete slab is a tunnel entrance, outlined with weathered wood like an old mine shaft. Remembering the maze of subterranean paths hollowed out by the Davidians, we peer down into the opening but see only fetid water with bits of trash floating on it. Beyond is a ruined swimming pool, insects skimming the surface of its dirty, greenish water. Charred bits of wood are lying in the water along with a partially submerged remnant of a building. We hear a loud plopping noise but turn our heads too late to see something dive under the water. I begin to think uneasily of snakes.

We continue to follow the weedy path and with every step, large crickets and grasshoppers fly up from the grass, occasionally brushing our faces and arms. We glimpse pieces of yellow metal sticking out of the dry, cracked ground. Is it possible that this is the infamous buried bus? A wrecked and rusty motorcycle, its detached seat lying nearby, rests near axles with their huge tires still attached. Where did all this junk come from? By Amo Roden's own account, FBI agents literally sifted the ground and took away anything too large to fit through a mesh screen. It is tempting to think that, in their zeal to turn the area into a memorial park *cum* tourist attraction, Mrs. Roden and her friends placed the items here in order to heighten the pathos. But it's a minor point; with or without the junk, Mount Carmel is an evocative place. We stand on another concrete slab and gaze out across the pond toward the road, imagining dozens of reporters, cameras fixed and microphones ready, anxious to catch the latest titillating bit of "news" to feed to the American public.

Other tourists have ventured into the ruins, but none have lingered as long as we, and I find myself becoming anxious to get away from this oppressive place with its almost palpably evil vibrations. I look in the direction of our rented car and long to return to the homogeneous and normal world of the interstate, to Cracker Barrels and convenience stores. We retrace our steps, past the altar and the monument and the 82 white crosses, back to the Loud Cry Museum for one last chat with Amo Roden. In response to our questions, she tells us that she wants to rebuild a barn on the other side of the ruins and dedicate it as a chapel. She hopes to receive the funds from a woman in Wisconsin. Mrs. Roden believes that although all the bodies were removed after the fire, some did not make it to the coroner's office and were simply buried at the site. She plans to leave the ruin just as it is. She likes living here and enjoys meeting visitors and answering their questions. After purchasing some of her literature, we say goodbye and she returns to her shanty of an office to wait for the next pilgrims.

In the peace and comfort of the car, we trade impressions. "Cultish" and "strange" spring to mind when describing the Davidian mindset. If Amo Roden is any example, these aren't exactly the kind of folks you would like to see move in next door. Their religious beliefs are nutty, their standards of morality are disturbing, and their ideas about architecture are bizarre.

But, wait a minute, aren't the Clintons and their crowd always blathering on about how we should all "celebrate diversity"? Aren't we lectured constantly about tolerance and understanding and, hey people, can't we all just get along? Have we stumbled on Bill and Janet's dirty little secret here? The Branch Davidians may not have been murdered by their own government, but even if they were, you don't really have to care. You certainly don't need to worry about a creep like David Koresh, an alleged child abuser and weapons violator who got what was coming to him, and, well, it's too bad that all those other people had to get it too.

Waco is disturbing. It is disturbing because people died there under mysterious circumstances and because some of these people were children and because our own government may have deliberately killed them. Walking around Mount Carmel forces even the most casual visitor to deal with his or her attitudes about these people who, for whatever reason, chose to throw in their lot with Koresh. Standing on the ground of the ruined compound, imagining men, women, and children going about their daily lives (never mind our judgment of the quality of that life), compels us to come to grips with how we really feel about our fellow citizens who choose to live outside the mainstream. Maybe the fact that they are on the fringe is not a reason to kill them, but it's a good enough reason to forget them.

Once again we are speeding north on the interstate, becoming absorbed in the cares and concerns of our own lives. But before we can put the Branch Davidians and their grisly end out of our minds, the eight-year-old in the back seat goes straight to the heart of this matter of the right and proper function of government. "If there was a fire there," he asks, "why didn't the fire trucks come and put it out and rescue those people?" Why not, indeed?

Mary Alice Cook writes from Eagle River, Alaska.

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Letter From Alabama

by Michael Hill

Judge Roy Moore vs. the ACLU

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The American Civil Liberties Union is suing Roy S. Moore, the Etowah County (Alabama) Circuit Judge, for having the Ten Commandments on the wall of his courtroom and for beginning each session with a prayer, on the usual grounds that a "wall of separation" stands between government and religion. Judge Moore agrees—up to a point. While recognizing that he is indeed part of the government, Moore points out that he represents Alabama and not the federal Leviathan. Therefore, he is upholding state law as well as the fundamental premise on which the Republic was founded: that the unalienable rights of Americans come from God and not from government. In the opinion of Judge Moore and the great majority of Alabamians, the cart is now before the horse because the government in Washington has assumed the role of the Creator, and as a result the rights of all are in danger.

The original legal action against Moore stemmed from a suit brought by the chief litigator of the Alabama ACLU, Joel Sogol, on the part of three Etowah County residents and something called the Alabama Freethought Association. An Alabama state court ruled that prayer and the plaque containing the Ten Commandments had no bearing on the conviction of an arsonist who claimed he did not receive a fair trial in Moore's decidedly pro-Judeo-Christian courtroom. Thereafter, the ACLU brought suit in federal court (where they always seem to succeed), but U.S. District Court Judge Robert Propst ruled that the plaintiffs had no standing to file the lawsuit. At present, the ACLU appears to be beating the bushes of Etowah County for new plaintiffs. Should Sogol fail to find them, he hopes to get the original suit against Moore brought before the 11th Circuit Court of Appeals in Atlanta.

Judge Moore is the sort of fellow the ACLU loves to hate. He is an avowed states' rights man and views with alarm the federal government's destruction of the 10th Amendment. Moreover, Moore is a Southern conservative Middle American, which is to say he is a Jeffersonian who fears the power of "consolidated" government. But what enrages the ACLU is the fact that the good judge is a devout Christian. He has traveled the state, speaking to thongs of Alabamians in a language they can understand: "If we don't make a stand, our children and grandchildren will lose their country. . . . We must not let government become God." Like Patrick Henry, whom he is fond of quoting at length, Moore says he is willing to risk everything for liberty. At the Christian Coalition's national meeting in Washington, D.C., this past August, "Judge Roy" delivered a rousing speech in which he blamed our current descent into barbarism on an immoral ruling class that has subverted the Constitution. Moore, a populist, proved to be among the most well-received speakers at the gathering, particularly among Southern attendees, which is not surprising considering the organization's penchant for praising such statists as Lincoln and for serenading its faithful with such bloody-minded anthems like "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The case of Judge Moore is one of the latest skirmishes in the war that, as John C. Calhoun understood, will determine whether the people or the federal courts rule. If the ACLU has its way with Judge Moore and others like him, then the people and their Constitution will be the losers. But Moore, a learned, God-fearing man, is not alone in this fight. His courageous and principled stand has won him the warm support of most of the citizens of Alabama and their governor, Forrest Hood (Fob) James, Jr., who remarked when a United Nations commission on human rights threatened to take action against the state's reinstitution of chain gangs earlier this year: "What jurisdiction does the U.N. have in Alabama?" Still unwilling to brook outside interference in Alabama's affairs, Governor James has promised to call out the Alabama National Guard (one of the nation's strongest units) should Moore lose his case and find himself facing punishment from federal authorities.

What began as just another attempt by the ACLU to harass a conservative Christian may lead to a showdown between the sovereign State of Alabama and federal authorities. A determined faceoff over nullification indeed would do wonders to relieve the tedium of presidential politics, not to mention what it might do for the return of constitutional government. Should Governor James call out the Guard, and should it remain loyal to Alabama, the ACLU litigators may wish they had never heard Roy Moore's name. Picture, if you will, Governor James activating the Guard and the President immediately "federalizing" it. At that point, the Guardsmen would have to decide to whom they owe allegiance. Considering that the Alabama National Guard is comprised mainly of "good old boys" (and as one of them, I do not use the term pejoratively) whose distrust of Beltway globalists and meddling do-gooders mirrors their governor's, results could be interesting. The worst nightmare of statists is of a genuine populist counterrevolution based on the belief that all government is ordained of God and that men have the right to throw off an ungodly government. The case of Judge Roy Moore, if all parties involved stick to their guns, has all the makings of a constitutional crisis of the first order.

Judge Moore labors under a decided financial disadvantage *vis-à-vis* the deep pockets of the ACLU. Should *Chronicles* readers wish to support him, write to the Judge Roy Moore Defense Fund, P.O. Box 8222, Gadsden, Alabama, 35901.

Michael Hill is a historian and president of the Southern League.

Letter From Paris

by Curtis Cate

Bulldozing into Trouble

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Dubious parallels, like old prejudices, die hard. Ever since Franklin Roosevelt unleashed his legislative whirlwind in the winter and spring of 1933, and more particularly in France since 1986, it has become a standard cliché to judge a new government's performance on the basis of its achievements during its first 100 days in office. If this yardstick was not employed in 1981, after François Mitterrand's two electoral victories (presidential and legislative), it was simply because the *Programme Commun*, on which his

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Socialist Party and its Communist allies had swept into power, contained no less than 102 projects which this short-lived *mésalliance* of left-wing rivals pledged itself to carry out. Even a socialist Napoleon could not have carried out anything so outlandishly ambitious in such a short span of time.

When in 1986 a right-wing coalition won the parliamentary elections and Jacques Chirac was appointed prime minister for a second time, his Gaullist party's leading philosopher, Jean-Marie Benoist, warned that if the new government didn't push through an urgent program of reforms within the first 100 days, it would lose its initial *élan* and soon bog down in a quagmire of bureaucratic sloth and institutional paralysis. The combined forces of left-wing conservatism—a solidly entrenched bureaucracy, workers always prepared to go on strike for higher pay and shorter working hours, and a huge *masse de manoeuvre* of lycée and university students ever ready to demonstrate on Paris streets and boulevards in favor of free education, examless admission to universities, and painlessly obtained degrees—would inevitably paralyze all efforts at radical reform. This is exactly what happened during the next two years of cohabitational stalemate presided over by a mulish president of the Republic (François Mitterrand) and an increasingly hamstrung and frustrated prime minister (Jacques Chirac).

If there was less talk of the need for a 100-day "breakthrough" when France's right-wing parties returned to power with a crushing parliamentary majority in 1993, it was because the prime minister chosen by President Mitterrand, Edouard Balladur, was the very prototype of a French "organization man," a pliant advocate of "consensus" and "peaceful coexistence," cautiously committed to not rocking the boat. (That such an uninspiring and visibly self-satisfied nonentity—a "post-modern *homo novus* for a tired people," as the Italian journalist, Barbara Spinelli, aptly described him in the Turin newspaper *La Stampa*—could for most of his two-year tenure have enjoyed such incredible popularity in successive polls offers proof, if one wanted it, of how shallow and undiscerning "public opinion" can be, in France as elsewhere.)

In May 1995, when Jacques Chirac finally achieved his political ambition by succeeding his old enemy, François Mitterrand, as the fifth president of the Fifth Republic, the 100-day yardstick was predictably brandished once again. And by the end of those first 100 days, two realities at least were beginning to emerge from the dust and the smoke: first, that the Chiracian style and *modus operandi* differ radically from those of the cautious Balladur and the subtly "Florentine" Mitterrand, and, secondly, that the new French president is likely to end up a prisoner of his own electoral rhetoric.

Running true to his well-known form, the legendary "bulldozer" of French politics lost no time plowing headlong into a heap of international trouble by brashly informing the world that France was going to resume its subterranean nuclear tests in the southern Pacific. To have done so on the eve of the 50th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima showed extraordinary tactlessness. But what made this exercise in nuclear muscle-flexing so grotesque was its coincidence with an embarrassing admission of military impotence. For at the very moment when Jacques Chirac was trying to convince everyone that France, with its atomic bombs and nuclear submarines, was one of the world's great powers, he found himself forced to request American help in having French troops airlifted to Gorazde. Although this particular scheme was soon dropped, the request dramatically illustrated the real military weakness of a "great power" that has proved itself incapable of manufacturing giant helicopters capable of rapidly airlifting more than a dozen soldiers to a combat zone.

All of this was foreseen, some 36 years ago, by one of the canniest politicians of the Fourth Republic, Antoine Pinay, the modest, level-headed mayor of a small town in central France whose down-to-earth recipes for financial rigor had worked wonders during his eight-month premiership in 1952-53, and whom for that reason Charles de Gaulle chose as finance minister in June 1958 in order to stabilize a tottering franc. When, a year and a half later, the General informed his cabinet ministers of his determination to forge a French *force de frappe* based on nuclear bombs, Pinay was unimpressed. "*Monsieur le Président*," he pointed out, "any country today, even a small country like Switzerland or Holland, can build an atomic bomb if it is willing to invest the necessary resources and the vast sums of money such an effort requires. France too can certainly manufacture an atomic bomb. But once it has succeeded in doing so, what will be the result? All it will have proved is that France is still 20 years behind the United States." In other words, a policy of phony prestige was being substituted for a less spectacular policy of military realism, aimed at modernizing France's conventional forces, of far more practical and flexible use in Europe than the doomsday weapon of the bomb.

This said, Jacques Chirac must be given credit for having stiffened the backbone of an increasingly spineless NATO alliance by vigorously promoting the creation of a "rapid reaction force" capable of breaking the siege of Sarajevo. On August 30, the day on which the guns of the Rapid Reaction Force went into action against Serb targets, along with NATO warplanes, Bernard-Henri Lévy, one of France's leading "hawks" on the subject of Yugoslavia, called on the Bosnian president, Alija Itzebegovic, at his Paris hotel. He found him in a radiant mood. In the course of a fascinating conversation, Itzebegovic compared the two French presidents whom he had known well during the previous five years. "It's odd," he remarked of Jacques Chirac. "Normally, power stiffens human beings. It makes them solemn, stilted. With him it's the opposite. I had the impression that [the exercise of] power had freed him, that it had relieved him of some kind of burden and had enormously increased his energy. I couldn't help comparing him with Mitterrand, on the contrary so stiff."

After which, he added (speaking of Mitterrand): "This man, for me too, will remain a mystery. So cold, yes. So calculating. . . . There was in this coldness a trait that did not fit in with the fact that he was [a man] of the left. Is there not something more emotional in left-wing persons? Yesterday, on leaving the Elysée [Palace], I said to myself that it was as though Destiny had made a mistake: it's Chirac who basically has inherited the temperament of left-wingers."

For Jacques Chirac this is anything but an academic question. If he was able to win the presidential election as the leading right-wing candidate, it was precisely because he managed to outmaneuver his more stolid rival, Edouard Balladur, by emphasizing his concern for the millions of suburban *exclus*—the latest catchword for those who, for one reason or another, have been "excluded" from the nation's wealth—and his determination

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to mend the *fracture sociale* (the "social rift") which had split French society into all too fortunate "haves" and all too numerous "have-nots." Indeed, so pronounced was the stress Chirac placed on this point that before the election campaign was over, many observers were beginning to wonder if the right-wing "bulldozer" hadn't been mysteriously metamorphosed into a left-wing chameleon.

There is, of course, nothing particularly new or specifically French about this kind of "change." In 19th-century Britain, it was a great conservative, Benjamin Disraeli, who deplored the dire lot of British workingmen and -women over and against the hardhearted Gladstonians of the "Manchester School," just as in Germany it was Bismarck, hardly suspect as a radical, who introduced the first comprehensive program of social security to be tried out in Europe. Closer to the present, it was Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, a technocratic "centrist," who in France was the first to launch a generous program of financial aid to the unemployed, during the 1970's.

The problem now facing France, and virtually every other country in the West today, is how to keep a charitably inspired policy aimed at helping the jobless from becoming an encouragement to indolence. The danger-point is reached when the amount of money generously extended to the jobless to keep them from starving approaches the amounts paid out to young apprentice workers who have to toil eight hours a day or more to keep body and soul together. In France, this danger-point has been reached and even passed for hundreds of thousands, and perhaps even for one million of its more than three million officially registered unemployed.

Two years ago, Christian Jelen, an enterprising journalist who had done a lot of on-the-spot research on living conditions in the suburbs of Lyon and other French cities, came out with an important book (*La famille, secret de l'intégration*) in which he showed how, in communities of foreign origin, those among the young who succeeded best in obtaining jobs were those who had been brought up in close-knit families. Youngsters of Vietnamese and Chinese origin, where family ties are very strong, tended to do very well in their studies and in later life, whereas the children of North African, and even more of Central African origin, often did poorly and were more likely to become "dropouts" and *exclus*. As has been happening in the United States ever since Lyndon Johnson introduced the maternal-aid benefits of his "Great Society," the allocations granted in France to *all* mothers have not only encouraged the development of excessively large families, but in some cases even made it possible for polygamists to maintain a household with two or more wives. Jelen was simply reporting what he had discovered; but because his book contained such unpalatable truths, it was boycotted as "racist" by French TV and radio stations, and by almost every important newspaper in the country.

For his "crime" in boldly voicing unpalatable truths, France's new Finance Minister, Alain Madelin, lost his job toward the end of Jacques Chirac's first 100 days. A Young Turk who had already been trying (mostly in vain) to encourage small entrepreneurs as the Minister for Industries in Edouard Balladur's pussy-footing cabinet, Madelin felt that the time had come for Jacques Chirac's new, "reformist" government to grasp at least one conspicuous nettle. At present, the five million French men and women who work for the French state—they include one million schoolteachers and professors—have been enjoying total job security without any loss of numbers and an actual increase in salaries, with the additional benefit of being able to retire on a comfortable pension after 37 years of work, whereas persons employed without job security by private enterprises have to work 40 years to obtain full retirement pensions, which in many cases are inferior. (Forty percent of the annual budget goes to paying the five million employees of the "public sector," and one result has been that budget deficits, over the five years of 1990-1994, reached a level of six percent in France, compared to 2.5 percent in Germany.) It was time, Madelin declared in a radio interview, to put an end to such unjustifiable discrepancies.

Madelin's "provocative" remarks immediately brought the roof down on his head. France's new, "dynamic" prime minister, Alain Juppé, who was beginning to act and to sound more and more like his undynamic predecessor, Edouard Balladur, demanded and obtained Madelin's resignation. Clearly embarrassed, President Chirac explained, first in a magazine and then in a television interview, that "one doesn't reform by opposing one category of Frenchmen against another . . . the active against the inactive, wage-earners against [state] functionaries, the young against the old . . ." etc.

This mild reprimand could not disguise the bitter truth: that in its first major confrontation with France's labor unions, the Chirac locomotive had not only lost steam but had gone suddenly into reverse. A highly resistible force had met a seemingly immovable object—a for once-united labor-union front, of which the most important component today is not the once-powerful, communist-controlled CGT (Confédération Générale du Travail) but its anticommunist rival, *Force Ouvrière*.

Launched, along with the Marshall Plan, in the late 1940's during the stormiest years of the Cold War, *Force Ouvrière* was gradually built up and developed as a solidly anticommunist trade-union *syndicat* by Léon Jouhaux and, from 1963 on, by a thoughtful, level-headed moderate named André Bergeron. Their advisors and supporters on the other side of the Atlantic were the staunchly anticommunist George Meany and his intellectual mentor, Jay Lovestone, and, in Paris, the AFL-CIO's influential representative, Irving Brown. But four years ago, an aging Bergeron was forced to resign his post, and into his shoes stepped a bogus "moderate" named Marc Blondel, who seems to have decided that the best way to maintain *Force Ouvrière*'s present lead is to be utterly intransigent in defending workers' "rights" (to higher pay, etc.) and the prime mover in the formation of a united labor front—against an allegedly "liberal" government. As an astute observer of the present social scene and its backstage machinations recently said to me: "Every time in this country that a 'common front' is created—as happened in the middle 1930's with the *Front Populaire* and in the immediate postwar period of 1945-1947—the results have been catastrophic."

Irving Brown, like George Meany, is dead, and the new generation of advisors to whom Marc Blondel is lending an increasingly attentive ear are, of all things . . . Trotskyists! Internationally, the Cold War may be over, but in France (as in other countries) the Marxist virus is still very much alive.

A longtime resident of Paris, Curtis Cate is the author of a biography of André Malraux, recently published in France, Great Britain, and Brazil.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

General Lewis MacKenzie on the Balkans War

by Kenneth McDonald

Edward Gibbon wrote, "As long as the same passions and interests subsist among mankind, the questions of war and peace, of justice and policy, which were debated in the councils of antiquity, will frequently present themselves as the subject of modern deliberation."

To a career soldier there is something incongruous in the business of "peacekeeping." Offensive action is a principle of war, and the need to submerge that instinct in a bland neutrality calls for more than ordinary self-control. That Canada has come to play a leading role in this novel activity derives from the initiative of Lester Pearson when he was Secretary of State for External Affairs at the time of the Suez crisis in 1956. When he suggested using lightly armed forces to keep belligerents apart, the concept of United Nations peacekeeping was born. Since then, Canada has participated in every U.N. peacekeeping mission as well as supporting non-U.N. missions such as the multinational observer force in the Sinai Desert, two missions in Indochina and Vietnam, and the European Community's military monitor expedition in the former Yugoslavia.

It was there, after the United Nations assumed a protection role in 1992, that Canada's Major General Lewis MacKenzie was sent as UNPROFOR's chief of staff. Now retired (at his request) and running his own communications company in a suburb of Toronto, Lew MacKenzie exhibits all the characteristics of the professional infantry soldier: literate, practical, inventive, courageous, and, fortunately for all who want to see the U.N. improve its operations, both outspoken and articulate. Last year, HarperCollins (Canada) issued a paperback edition of his 1993 book, *Peacekeeper: The Road to Sarajevo*, which one reviewer rightly called "a first-rate primer for anyone trying to make sense of the continuing barbarity in the former Yugoslavia. . . . MacKenzie has a storytelling knack that eats up the pages." MacKenzie's book is a faithful guide to what happened, but its core value consists in the conclusions he draws, especially as they relate to American policy and attitudes toward the United Nations.

When I spoke to him last September, he was busy moving ("Our thirty-first move" will strike a chord with serving and ex-service readers), but he took time to enlarge upon the views he had expressed not long before to the United States Congress. There, he remarked that "dealing with Bosnia was like dealing with three serial killers—one had killed fifteen, one had killed ten and one had killed five." This was at the time when NATO air strikes were in progress. In his view, the strikes and the United States-brokered plan for Bosnia "offer only one thing: the demise of Bosnia-Herzegovina as a nation and the emergence of two entities dominated by Serbia and Croatia."

MacKenzie's advice to the United States—that it refrain from committing ground forces to U.N. "peacekeeping" missions—has a solid historical base. In 1936, when the rise of Hitler threatened the peace again, Winston Churchill reflected on the United States' entry into the Great War on April 6, 1917—what Major General J.F.C. Fuller called "the most fateful day in European history since Varus lost his legions." Churchill told William Griffen, editor of the New York *Enquirer*: "If you hadn't entered the war the Allies would have made peace with Germany in the Spring of 1917. Had we made peace then there would have been no collapse in Russia followed by Communism, no breakdown in Italy followed by Fascism, and Germany would not have signed the Versailles Treaty, which has enthroned Nazism in Germany . . . and if England had made peace early in 1917, it would have saved over one million British, French, American and other lives."

History repeats itself, but rarely in the same way. In the late 1990's, wars are as prevalent as ever, but they are local and factional, and the force that stops them from spreading is not the United Nations, nor any perceivable lessening of mankind's imperfections: it is the fact of the United States' preponderant military power, of the various factions' understanding that it can be deployed anywhere in the world with remarkable speed and efficiency, and their consequent desire to avoid at all costs the risk of its being deployed against them rather than their opponents.

This, MacKenzie points out, is the key both to United States policy and to a successful bolstering of the U.N.'s capacity to temper the excesses of mankind's interests and passions. He said, "I tried to explain this in the last chapter of my book, which is why I called the chapter 'Message to America'":

> Peacekeeping is no place for U.S. front-line soldiers. If America is foolhardy enough to put troops on the ground in Bosnia-Herzegovina, they will be used as bargaining chips. There's no point in warlords killing Canadians or Swedes. It doesn't make the headlines and there's really nothing Canada or Sweden can do about it. But if Croats killed U.S. soldiers, and made it look as if the Serbs did it, or if Serbs killed some and made it look as if the Muslims did it—then they'd get the world's attention. In other words, most of us who serve on peacekeeping missions come from countries that cannot project military power at a strategic level. But of course the Americans can do that and the belligerents know it. So they will try everything they can to get the U.S. to intervene on their side.
>
> That's why it would be wrong—and certainly unfair to American soldiers—for the U.S. to get itself involved in U.N. Chapter 6 peacekeeping missions; they would face a much higher degree of risk than the rest of us simply because they would be pawns in the belligerents' games.

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Chapter 6 missions deal with "the pacific settlement of disputes." In them, U.N. soldiers do not use force except in self-defense, all parties to the conflict consent to U.N. involvement, and the U.N. force is completely impartial. (When MacKenzie first went to Zagreb, he was welcomed by a former Toronto resident who was then Croatia's Minister of Communications and who greeted him with the news that he had called the Croatian community in Toronto the night before to say that they were now in good hands: there was a Canadian general in UNPROFOR. MacKenzie recalls saying, "Thanks, I'll be as fair as possible," while reflecting that it would be hard to persuade the belligerents that the U.N. forces were U.N. first, and Canadian, Russian, Nigerian, or whatever, a distant second.)

Chapter 7 missions come under "action with respect to the peace, breaches of the peace, and acts of aggression," examples being the Korean War, the Gulf War, and the Coalition Force/U.N. operation in Somalia, where U.N. forces take sides and use as much force as necessary to win while keeping their own casualties to a minimum.

In MacKenzie's view, the United States has the opportunity to harmonize its political misgivings about the U.N.'s usefulness with its traditional instinct to serve the cause of peace. The misgivings stem legitimately from evidence of bureaucratic bunglings at the United Nations, and a resulting reluctance to get enmeshed in them or to help subsidize the perpetrators. On the other hand, the United States military is superbly capable of mounting and executing at short notice precisely the kind of mobile operation which could fill gaps in U.N. peacekeeping missions that now are bleeding the U.N.'s effectiveness.

For example, logistical support. Many countries fail, or are unable, to send their components self-contained. With UNPROFOR, Nepal's battalion arrived with no vehicles. Eventually these were supplied by Germany, but without the necessary spare parts and maintenance personnel. Within UNPROFOR, there were six different headquarters, all of them deficient for months in items they needed to function. Then again, while the role of officer observers became increasingly important, they lacked the vehicles and radios that were critical to the job. As MacKenzie wrote: "Lives were put at risk as the observers were forced to go on patrol one vehicle at a time, when pairs of vehicles were absolutely necessary for safety."

Another serious gap in logistical support is caused by the U.N.'s obligation to rent ships and aircraft as cheaply as it can, which makes any coordinated—and militarily effective—effort almost impossible. Often, UNPROFOR had troops and equipment arriving unannounced at places up to 300 kilometers apart.

Intelligence gathering also, especially from satellite imagery and monitoring data and voice transmissions, is a much needed, but sadly neglected, function. For the first three months at Sarajevo, UNPROFOR had to depend on the BBC's World Service for intelligence!

In short, if it chose to, the United States could give the U.N.'s peacekeeping efforts the logistical muscle they lack now by supplying it in kind rather than in cash and at the same time keeping what MacKenzie calls "an audit trail" to ensure that operations were carried out with the economy of effort which should govern all military endeavors. He concludes: "It is not the United States' responsibility to police the world for the U.N. when the going gets rough. But, regrettably, it could become America's destiny by default if the U.N. does not adapt to its new and challenging role."

Kenneth McDonald writes from Toronto. His fourth book on Canadian politics, His Pride, Our Fall: Recovering from the Trudeau Revolution, *was published by Key Porter in September.*

LAW ENFORCEMENT

The Mark of the Beast

by Larry Pratt

One aspect of America that most impressed Alexis de Tocqueville was how individuals could often accomplish what the most "energetic centralized administration" could not. This ability was well demonstrated, according to Tocqueville, in how efficiently America dealt with crime and criminals:

> A state police does not exist, and passports are unknown. The criminal police of the United States cannot be compared with that of France; the magistrates and public agents are not numerous; they do not always initiate the measures for arresting the guilty; and the examinations of prisoners are rapid and oral. Yet I believe that in no country does crime more rarely elude punishment. The reason is that everyone conceives himself to be interested in furnishing evidence of the crime and in seizing the delinquent. During my stay in the United States I witnessed the spontaneous formation of committees in a county for a great crime. In Europe a criminal is an unhappy man who is struggling for his life against the agents of power, while the people are merely a spectator of the conflict; in America he is looked upon as an enemy of the human race, and the whole of mankind is against him.

We should pause to consider Toqueville's observations in light of the "Europeanization" of America's policing function. Could we give the same report today after the centralization, professionalization, and bureaucratization of our law enforcement? Have we really benefited from straying away from our original model?

When government ceased being the people's servant and became the people's master, the role of law enforcement personnel changed as well. Rather than keeping the peace by apprehending malefactors who have allegedly broken the peace, federal law enforcement personnel now tell people what they must do—or else. The use of military force against the Weaver family in Idaho and David Koresh in Waco are violent examples of the extremes to which government presumes to assert its power. Worse still, the government is increasingly unconcerned about laws prohibiting its choice of methods.

The recent debate over House Resolution 666 is a prime example. H.R. 666 is a bipartisan move to eliminate the exclusionary rule. This rule, in existence for most of the 20th century, is widely re-

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garded as the guideline for applying the Fourth Amendment, that probable cause must exist and a warrant be obtained for the government to invade our persons, homes, possessions, and effects. The exclusionary rule says that evidence obtained in violation of the Fourth Amendment cannot be used in trial.

Opponents of the rule, primarily but not exclusively law-and-order, pro-gun Republicans, claim that the exclusionary rule enables guilty persons to escape conviction by throwing out incriminating evidence because it was obtained illegally. In truth, this problem arises less than one percent of the time. But to hear opponents of the exclusionary rule, one would think that the rule is the cause of the crime plaguing America's cities today. In fact, these advocates of law and order tend to view the Bill of Rights as a mere set of loopholes foisted upon an unsuspecting republic by a clique of proto-ACLU conspirators.

The Founders had another view. Their idea of the Bill of Rights derived from a search for effective obstacles to government tyranny. They remembered how the king's troops, using the unconstitutional power of Writs of Assistance, had violated the English common law tradition of "a man's home is his castle." They realized that warrantless searches were the order of the day in the years leading up to the Revolutionary War.

Specifically, H.R. 666 is designed to give legislative approval to the current judicial chipping away of the exclusionary rule. As long as a police officer "thought" his warrant was valid—even if it was not—the evidence so obtained could be used in a trial. But what are we to do under this doctrine if one police officer knowingly gets a warrant on false grounds? As long as the evidence is gained by *other* officers unaware of this deception (wink, wink) the evidence must be admissible against an accused. It also establishes the "objective" standard of an officer's good faith in gathering evidence without a warrant as long as he "thought" he had probable cause. How is a defendant ever to prove a state of mind? Among the attacks on our liberties that we could expect from the passage of H.R. 666 is an expansion of warrantless searches of homes and random stops of cars in an effort to find guns. Confiscate now, ask questions later.

Such actions have surfaced, most prominently, in the war on drugs. The doctrine of forfeiture is simply a euphemism for confiscation, or government theft. Over 50,000 confiscations occur annually, but in 80 percent of the cases, no charges are ever filed against the citizens whose property was confiscated. Of course, all of this is unconstitutional, but a detail like this carries little weight today.

We should not imagine that this license to steal gets used only against drug kingpins. It gets used against ordinary Americans who, following an illegal search, have "too much money" on them. Or guns. Or whatever target is attractive to a rogue officer or department. The 1994 Crime Bill extended this concept to include multijurisdictional task forces of local, state, and federal police agencies. Moreover, that Crime Bill also ensures prosecutors a cut of the loot, which means hardly anyone in the criminal justice system will be looking out for the interests of the citizens and the Constitution. Why should they? They have all been bought off with fenced merchandise.

At the Waco hearings in July, one of the few worthwhile panels provided two Texas Rangers an opportunity to testify. They made it clear that rather than launch a military assault on the Davidians, they would have taken Koresh up on his invitation to the BATF to come and inspect his premises—something the BATF did not want to do, since they had other plans. The Rangers also said that they would have walked up to the door and knocked to serve a warrant.

Ranger Captain David Byrnes made an eloquent plea at the hearing to warn against a federal police force. Byrnes pointed out that "We federalize everything. Right now, everything from carjacking to evading child support is a federal crime in this country, and that really worries me." "For law enforcement to be effective," Byrnes continued, "it has to be accountable, and to be accountable it has to be controlled at the lowest possible level. . . . [W]e seem to be vesting a tremendous amount of authority in the FBI to take over every aspect of civil law enforcement. . . . I think it's detrimental to our continued freedom in this country."

We should not lull ourselves into thinking that the Waco slaughter and the Ruby Ridge murders were aberrations. Several years ago, Gun Owners of America produced a video, *Breaking the Law in the Name of the Law*, in an effort to get Congress to take a look at the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Even then the BATF had a reputation for lying to get search warrants and tampering with evidence to get convictions. But the BATF is not alone in running roughshod over the Bill of Rights. In 1992, 31 agents from eight federal and local law enforcement agencies raided the Malibu home of Donald Scott, the Scott paper heir. The agents of the multijurisdictional task force claimed to be looking for marijuana. They shot Scott dead. No marijuana was found. A 1993 report on the incident by Ventura County District Attorney Michael Bradbury said a "primary purpose of the raid was a land grab" by the Forest Service, which coveted Scott's land.

Just last year, another multijurisdictional task force comprised of agents from the FBI, Environmental Protection Agency, Coast Guard, Army Corps of Engineers, and California Fish and Game Agency raided an herb farm in Southern California. Paul Friedman, owner of Greenhouse Fine Herbs, is a member of the Self-Realization Fellowship. During the raid, supposedly over charges of river pollution and threats to an endangered species, agents asked the employees if they were a member of Friedman's church and where they hid the guns. Workers at the farm later charged that the agents were more interested in their religious beliefs than in the environmental complaint.

United States Attorney Alan Bersin viewed the pollution indictments against the herb farm as "a significant step in the government's commitment to improving the quality of life." Mr. Friedman denies polluting the river, which he called a "sacred place," and claims the garbage washed there during heavy rains was dumped by local residents. But even if Friedman were guilty, one can see the problem that Captain Byrnes had highlighted at the Waco hearings. Does littering a local river really justify 70 agents standing ready to shoot the suspects?

Sheriff Tim Nettleton of Owyhee County, Idaho, is asking similar questions. As the *Washington Times* reported this summer, Nettleton has declared his county off-limits to federal law enforcement officials, serving notice in particular to Bureau of Land Management personnel that they would no longer be permitted to act as armed peace officers. "What authority do [BLM agents] have to act as peace officers in the State of Idaho?" he asks. He especially objects to

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what he calls the BLM's "SWAT-team mentality." "I've got a group of BLM officers carrying guns, enforcing laws, doing whatever," he said. "I don't mind them helping if they'd help, but if my deputies treated people the way they treat people, I'd have stomped them in a mudhole and then wrung their necks."

The Posse Comitatus Act, which was enacted over 100 years ago to prohibit military personnel and equipment from being used against Americans, has already been whittled down in the name of the war on drugs. An exception has been made to the Posse Comitatus prohibition in cases where federal police want to use the military in a drug bust. Barbara Kennelly (D-CT) has proposed legislation that would establish a 2,500-man rapid deployment attack force. Whatever the name, this is still a military group. But since the rapid deployment force would not be under the control of the military, the Posse Comitatus Act does not apply (wink, wink).

The President, along with Representative Charles Schumer (D-NY), immediately saw the hysteria about the Oklahoma City bombing as a prime opportunity to buttress federal control over local affairs. It was an opportunity to demonize all gunowners and militia members and to accuse law-abiding gunowners of being no different from the murderous bombers. It is doubtful, though, that the President would welcome a comparison of the Weathermen who bombed a building at the University of Wisconsin with antiwar protesters like then-student Clinton. Lawful, constitutionally protected action should not be equated with criminal activity just because it is unpopular.

If the President receives the additional powers he seeks in the name of "counterterrorism," he will be able on his own, with no appeal permitted, to classify any group as a terrorist organization. Its phone calls could then be monitored and assets confiscated by the government. Of course, such legislation would have been denounced if directed against the civil rights or the antiwar movements of the past, or the environmental movements of the present. Surely the right to organize and march does not end because militants and murderers chose to utter some of the same words used by peaceful groups operating lawfully—even if they are gunowners.

Clearly, if America is to be a land where the people govern themselves, then the civil government will be small and a servant of the people. But if America is to be like the other countries of the world, then an elite will be our masters, and the police their enforcers.

Larry Pratt is executive director of Gun Owners of America in Springfield, Virginia.

Trespassing in the City

by Paul Kirchner

A medieval European ventured outside his walled city warily, knowing that robbers lurked in the wilds beyond the reach of the feudal order. In late 20th-century America, we have turned this around—for most of us, it is only when we venture *into* the city that we concern ourselves with the lawless. They thrive there, provided for and protected by the liberal welfare state; without its indulgence, they would starve to death or be exterminated by the law-abiding majority. Like most people who can afford to, I live safely in the wilds outside a decaying city and enter it only when I have to, usually during daylight hours.

This time it was after dark. I entered the elevator in a downtown hotel, heading down to the parking lot. I was joined by three of what the newspapers refer to, benignly, as "youths." They didn't look theatrically menacing—I didn't detect the "feral gleam" that Bernhard Goetz described in his assailants' eyes. The impression they gave was of an overall droopiness: droopy pants, droopy posture, droopy eyes and lower lips. As the doors closed and we descended, the one standing by the control panel asked the others if he should press the emergency stop button, so that we might have a little more time to ourselves. I could barely understand his speech, or that of the others. This was their world and it was foreign to me.

I stood with my back to the wall opposite the control panel, watching the three of them. I was fascinated and, in a way, amused, because I had a secret. My right hand was in the pocket of my windbreaker gripping my revolver, my index finger curled lightly around its trigger. I have carried a Smith & Wesson airweight "Bodyguard" model .38 Special for some 20 years now. It has a cowling over the hammer which permits it to fire its five shots through the pocket of a coat without snagging on the cloth. Even if the three of them had 9 mm. automatics tucked somewhere under their baggy T-shirts, I doubted they would be able to get them out fast enough.

Back in the days when Hollywood heroes fought fair, they always taunted villains who got the drop on them with a contemptuous, "You wouldn't be so tough without that gun in your hand." Well, of course. Without the gun, I wouldn't have a chance against three athletic young men, or even one. That's why I carry it.

The fellow eyeing me from the back wall nixed the operation. As the doors opened on the ground floor, the one by the buttons suggested gleefully that they must have "scared the sh-t out of me."

As the youths raucously made their way up the hallway to the back door to the parking lot, I followed behind them. This was probably unwise. Had anything happened, a D.A. might have suggested that I was being provocative—that I was looking for an excuse to shoot them—and a jury might have agreed. I might have been asked why I didn't go back to my room at the first sign of trouble. I could only answer that I had intended to go to my car and didn't see why I should change my plans. I don't suppose it would have helped to bring up the example of Rosa Parks, who refused to sit at the back of the bus. That too might have been considered provocative. There are rules of engagement as we manage diversity. We are not all equally free to assert our dignity.

We are told that poor black youths resent the assumption that they are predators. I can understand that. As a middle-class white, I resent the assumption that I am prey. We often hear of their sense of powerlessness, yet in this situation they were confident of their power, reveling in the fear they thought they were inspiring. It was the same even if they were just pulling a prank, and I realize that may have been all they intended. An improvisation on a typical sitcom scenario where the white guy has to be taken down a peg, with all of us stereotypically cast. In either case, for real or for fun, I'm not willing to accept my assigned role.

I was glad I had the gun. It meant I had to surrender nothing. At the same time, I was glad I didn't have to shoot,

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because then I would have had to surrender a great deal. The youths may not have had the power they thought they had, the power to control the situation, but they did have the power to create a situation with uncontrollable consequences. I'm not afraid of them, but I do fear an encounter with the system that is, in effect, their patron. Unlike the youths of the city, I do fear the law.

Paul Kirchner is a freelance writer and artist.

EDUCATION

The War on Homeschoolers

by Christopher Check

Homeschooling is one of the many fronts in the state's war against the citizen. Despite the efforts of organizations such as the Home School Legal Defense Association, the Rutherford Institute, and Eagle Forum, as well as long-standing laws that protect family autonomy, homeschooling parents are still viewed as neglectful if not downright abusive. With methods ranging from bothersome forms to late-night arrests, public school officials and state bureaucrats continue to harass them, while demanding even tighter government control of what they regard as an industry that threatens their livelihood.

In Kentucky, the number of homeschooled children is skyrocketing. From 1994 to 1995 alone, the increase was over 30 percent, a figure higher than the national average, which the National Center for Home Education puts between 20 and 25 percent. Figures from the past four years in Kentucky show an increase of almost 70 percent. State Senator Nick Kafoglis, a Democrat from Bowling Green, uses another scale: "It just seems like I hear a lot more about home schooling than I used to." And he is worried: "It seems like we should have some kind of handle on the kind of education home schoolers are getting."

The growth in homeschooling does reflect national dissatisfaction with the government schools. In Kentucky, however, its popularity also stems from the passage and implementation of KERA, the 1990 Kentucky Education Reform Act, a scheme to reorder Kentucky's schools to conform with the principles of Outcome Based Education. Chole Luebbers of Bellevue claims her objection to KERA motivated her to homeschool her three children, and Woodie Cheek, director of pupil personnel for Spencer County stated in February, "I think the major reason we're having an increase in home schooling is KERA."

Like Senator Kafoglis, Cheek is worried. The former president of the Kentucky Association of School Administrators, he has, according to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, been "lobbying hard for more state regulation of home schooling." Why? Cheek claims that only 25 percent of homeschooling parents in Kentucky are even "trying" to teach, adding, "the rest of them, as far as I'm concerned, are a joke." As evidence for this claim, Cheek likes to cite the grammatical shortcomings in a few letters of intent from parents to local school boards (one of the few requirements of Kentucky's homeschooling code). "I can teach reald good," reads one.

If 75 percent of Cheek's letters read that way, perhaps he would have a case, but it would not speak well of his school system either. In fact, the National Home Education Research Institute in Oregon has published a sufficient number of controlled studies showing what most people already know: on average, homeschooled children perform better academically than their public school peers. For example, homeschooled children routinely score higher on standardized tests, as they did on the 1994 Iowa Basic Skills Test. The real reason why Cheek and Kafoglis are worried about homeschooling's growth is much simpler: money.

As Scott Summerville of the Home School Legal Defense Association explains, "Under Kentucky law, each child withdrawn from the public school costs the district approximately $3,500 dollars in forgone funds" (state payments to local districts). "If that child is eligible for a school lunch (which by 1993 included 44 percent of all Kentucky children), taxpayers should save $4,900. To the taxpayer, the more than 5,300 homeschoolers in Kentucky should therefore represent savings of at least $21.8 million. To public school officials, however, those homeschoolers represent a hole in their budget—a steady hemorrhaging of funds with no end in sight." Some school officials are at least candid about the loss of funds. Almost ten years ago, officials in Maine endorsed a bill (L.D. 892) which would have allowed "districts which keep track of home-school students to count those students in their pupil count used in computing their state school subsidy under the School Finance Act."

Lacking this option, school officials and sympathetic politicians in Kentucky have asked the Office of Education Accountability to scrutinize homeschooling. An advocate of tougher homeschooling laws, Cheek is calling for a college degree requirement for parents and regular basic-skills testing by the state.

The Kentucky Constitution, however, stands athwart his aspirations. Section Five reads: "Nor shall any man be compelled to send his child to any school to which he may be conscientiously opposed." In a forthcoming article for the *Kentucky Bench and Bar*, Summerville anticipates what this "Beckner Amendment" will mean should the state attempt to crack down on homeschooling by highlighting how it protected small church schools in Kentucky in 1979, after the state demanded certification for all private school teachers and the use of only state-approved textbooks in all private school classrooms. In *Kentucky State Board For Elementary and Secondary Education* v. *Rudasill*, the court found for the defense, arguing that "State-controlled homogenous schools have provided a fertile field for the growth of totalitarian governments."

Summerville's reading of the Beckner Amendment will probably get its day in court, and even if school officials are able to tighten the reins somewhat, it is unlikely they will ever have as much power as officials in Michigan recently enjoyed, where no constitutional protection of parents' rights to educate their children exists. Consider the following two cases, from the Rutherford Institute, a religious and civil liberties oriented, not-for-profit legal organization in Michigan. On the night of March 9, 1993, Peggy Williams of Hale, Michigan, was arrested, fingerprinted, and jailed for homeschooling her three children. Leonard Burdek, the attendance officer for the Iosco County Intermediate School District, filed a war-

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rant for her arrest on the grounds that Mrs. Williams was in violation of the Michigan Compulsory School Attendance Act. Burdek insisted that the act required any parent who schooled his children at home to have a bachelor's degree. Although she was released on $200 bail, and the charges against her dismissed, Burdek continued to harass Williams, who finally filed a countersuit against Burdek, a case that remains unresolved. Shortly after Williams' ordeal, Dawn Wilcox of Huron, who chose to homeschool her children because the public school system could not accommodate their learning disabilities, saw them seized by agents of the Department of Social Services. Anyone familiar with the *modus operandi* of today's child savers will not be surprised to learn that they showed up late on a Friday afternoon, when securing a lawyer would be particularly difficult. Wilcox was able to recover her children the next day, but were it not for two recent Michigan Supreme Court decisions, what would continue to loom large in her mind and in the mind of Peggy Williams would be the threat of harassment.

On May 25, 1993, however, the Michigan Supreme Court delivered two rulings that vastly restricted the power of petty school officials to harass homeschoolers. Argued by Michael P. Farris, president of the Home School Legal Defense Association, the first case, *People* v. *Dejonge*, reversed a decision by a lower court which found Mark and Chris Dejonge, parents of eight children, in violation of the Michigan Compulsory Attendance Act because they were schooling their children at home without state certification. In the second case, *People* v. *Bennett*, also argued by Farris, the court found that homeschooling parents are entitled to administrative hearings before the state can file criminal charges against them.

If bureaucrats in Kentucky and Michigan argue that homeschooling parents are underqualified, or worse, neglectful, officials in Virginia are suggesting that homeschoolers are actually abusive. Here the pattern follows that of most instances of state meddling in the private lives of families: first, find an exceptional case; second, argue that without sufficient government regulation, more of the same will happen. Enter Valerie Smelser.

Valerie was a 12-year-old Middletown girl whose naked body was found on January 23 in a ravine in Clarke County. The postmortem found Valerie to be severely malnourished, weighing only 51 pounds, just over half the average weight of a healthy 12-year-old girl. Charged with her murder are Valerie's mother, Wanda, and her boyfriend, Norman Hoverter, who claimed to be homeschooling Valerie and her siblings. Indeed, a truancy officer had visited the Smelser home last October, confirmed their enrollment in the Seton School (a private Roman Catholic school that also runs a nationwide homeschooling program, complete with textbooks and lesson plans), and concluded that Wanda Smelser had obtained a religious exemption from the Warren County School Board.

The truth is that Wanda Smelser had never obtained the exemption, nor could her claim to be a homeschooling Catholic parent be taken very seriously in light of her cohabitation. Nevertheless, public school officials and the lawmakers they control have exploited the tragedy to the fullest, arguing that justice demands a review and tightening of Virginia's homeschooling code, which Virginia Education Association's president Rob Jones calls "grossly irresponsible." An editorial in the *Winchester Star* shortly after Valerie's death begs the state to "make sure little Valerie did not die in vain" by requiring homeschoolers (and *private schoolers* as well) to report every six weeks to their local public school board.

More than one Virginia lawmaker agrees. Reported in the *Potomac News* was the reaction of Delegate James H. Dillard II, a Republican from Fairfax County: when presented with the data showing the rapid growth in the number of children in Virginia with a religious exemption (1,445 in 1993 and 1,870 in 1994—a 23 percent increase) Dillard exclaimed, "that's an alarming number," adding that Valerie Smelser's death "shows why families with religious exemptions need monitoring." Delegate David G. Brickman, a Democrat from Woodbridge and chairman of the House Health, Welfare, and Institutions Committee, has appointed a House of Delegates commission to determine "where we should go as legislators to see if changes should be made in either the rules and regulations or in the statutes."

Of course, on the block in Brickman's committee will be Virginia's "religious exemption" law itself (the only one of its kind in the country): "excuse from attendance at school any pupil, who, together with his parents, by reason of bona fide religious training or belief, is conscientiously opposed to attendance at school." The religious exemption law operates independently of the rest of Virginia's homeschooling code, that is, families that invoke it sever ties with their local school districts entirely. Ordinary homeschoolers in Virginia must provide a letter of intent to the local school board as well as regular evaluations each spring.

Some school officials, however, are not waiting for the ax to fall. One administrator, Mr. Joseph Jones, director of pupil personnel services for the Frederick County public schools, riding the tide of the Smelser backlash, has moved ahead with his own plans to crack down on homeschooling. He has advised the Frederick County School Board to cease accepting evaluations from Seton, and he publicly questioned the credentials of Judy Taylor, who administers the SAT for homeschoolers in his district. He also wants a host of new registration requirements on homeschooling families in his district: a new "Statement of Understanding" form not required by Virginia law and the collection of birth certifi-

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cates and social security numbers for "monitoring all students between the ages of five and 18."

Wherever Jones and officials like him attempt to overstep their authority, attorneys at organizations like the Home School Legal Defense Association try to keep them in check. Thirty-four states now have homeschooling statutes that prevent unwarranted intrusion by government in what for centuries people considered a natural relationship. The question is whether these laws reflect a preference for parental authority or are merely the government's way of pacifying people it regards as quacks.

Christopher Check is the associate editor of The Family in America, *a publication of The Rockford Institute.*

ENVIRONMENT

The New Conservation Movement

by Jim Christie

To mainstream environmental activists, Ron Arnold merits special disdain. A former Sierra Club conservation committee member, Arnold now runs, with associate Alan Gottlieb, the Center for the Defense of Free Enterprise in Bellevue, Washington. Together they wrote a 1993 exposé of the environmental movement, *Trashing the Economy: How Runaway Environmentalism is Wrecking America*, which remains controversial for spotlighting corporate funding of mainstream environmental groups.

Arnold and Gottlieb also figure prominently in the "wise use" movement that the environmental mainstream says is a front for rapacious natural resource industries and a reason for the current backlash against environmentalism. For example, in the recent Sierra Club book by David Helvarg, *The War Against the Greens: The Wise Use Movement, the New Right, and Anti-Environmental Violence*, Arnold and Gottlieb stand accused of helping to whip up nasty feelings against environmentalists. In a January article in the alternative tabloid *Seattle Weekly*, wise use activism in Okanogan County, Washington, is even accused of encouraging "a more insidious brand of recruiting by a militia group with ties to white supremacists."

Yet while such a linkage may have had them cheering in the Sierra Club's suites, the environmental mainstream has more to worry about from Arnold and Gottlieb than allegedly fostering racist agitation. For their center, and perhaps the amorphous wise use movement in general, is making common cause with what is known as the "New Conservation Movement." As Arnold explains, "We have common enemies."

While the New Conservation Movement is made up of radical greens, it is a grassroots effort that illustrates what Arnold and Gottlieb make clear in *Trashing the Economy*. Arnold highlights an article by leftist Alexander Cockburn and radical green Jeffrey St. Clair in the December 19, 1994, issue of the *Nation* to underscore the common ground among wise use and pure green activists. "The mainstream brass [of the environmental movement] is elitist, highly paid, detached from the people, indifferent to the working class and a firm ally of big government," they write. "Most Americans will continue to honor local fights and a local zeal against waste dumps, filth and corporate depredations of public lands and resources. But they won't honor big-time green lobbies, swollen with corporate slush, hand in glove with arrogant federal agencies, stuffing down their throats the edicts of central power."

All of the above have led Arnold and Gottlieb to contemplate something that would have been unthinkable a few years ago: a joint book project with the Native Forest Council in Eugene, Oregon. This council is best known for bringing the zero-cut option in national forests back into play, not something most wise users will endorse. But as Arnold says, "One of the reasons I have a more friendly feeling toward people who say what their real goal is, is that then we can have a real debate . . . [and] when you have an honorable adversary you can build respect and common ground." The feeling seems mutual. Victor Rozek, editor of *Forest Voice*, the council's tabloid, says, "We both felt that the discussion needed to be elevated."

It is also likely that the environmental mainstream's ties to corporate America will be dragged out for further inspection by both sides. The go-ahead for green dissidents came in the October 1, 1994, issue of *Counterpunch*, in which Cockburn and coeditor Ken Silverstein give an endorsement to *Getting Rich: The Environmental Movement's Income, Salary, Contributions and Investment Patterns*, a booklet published by Arnold and Gottlieb. "The idiom of rugged rural populism chosen by the Wise Users," they write, "is amply justified by the material they review."

The council is more than warming to that idiom. Cockburn was recently invited to speak at a University of Oregon Law School environmental law forum but had to bow out, making way for Arnold to stand in his place. "Cockburn couldn't show," says Arnold. "I think the Native Forest Council said, 'Have Arnold there.'" As it turns out, the council did just that. To be precise, having Arnold appear was the idea of Tim Hermach, the council's executive director. "A lot of people think the wise use movement is a big demon," he says. "The wise use movement and environmentalists should be aligned if 'Big Government' is the problem."

Arnold returned the favor to the New Conservationists by inviting St. Clair to speak on a panel with him at the annual wise use movement conference in Reno, Nevada, last July. According to Arnold, the invitation was meant to be a "historic first, an effort not so much to build bridges, but an effort in how we can reinforce each other." And reaching out, Arnold says, is something he will continue to do. "All I can say without violating confidence is that we are expanding our contacts with radical, what I'd say are authentic, environmentalists," he says. "We won't dance with them on many issues, but on certain ones we will."

But the Reno gig didn't fully pan out: St. Clair had a family emergency and couldn't make it. That left Arnold alone to explain his center's new friendship to an audience warmed up throughout its Saturday session by all-star property rights advocates such as Mark Pollot, author of *Grand Theft and Petit Larceny: Property Rights in America*; Chuck Cushman, the fax network activist who runs the American Land Rights Association; and William Perry Pendley, author of *War on the West* and the president and CEO of the Mountain States Legal

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Foundation. The conference was dedicated to Gil Murray, the California Forestry Association president killed April 24 by a package bomb attributed to the Luddite "Unabomber," and Sunday's agenda featured Donn Zea, the association's vice president for industry affairs, and firebrand Idaho Representative Helen Chenoweth, who sits on congressional task forces dealing with reform of the Endangered Species Act and with property rights and term limits advocacy.

One newcomer to the meeting was Steve Lindsey, a family rancher from Southern Arizona. The mild-mannered rancher turned a bit red while naming the forces bearing down on him: a glut of Mexican cattle coming across the border at Douglas (undermining the rock bottom prices of 30-35 cents a pound he gets for his cattle), a federal government that wants to raise the rent on the land it allows him to graze his cattle on, and, perhaps worst of all, the United States Fish & Wildlife Service. The agency's Phoenix office has told Lindsey that he will likely have to fence off pasture land on his own private property since a flower covered by the Endangered Species Act, the Canelo Hills Lady's Tresses, is found there.

Arnold, who argued the need to reach out to New Conservationists, says the audience responded with "surprise. Shock. Some resistance." Arnold expects as much from wise users today but says they must take the New Conservationists seriously, because, as he sees it, they are the only environmentalists who accept people as part of any equation in discussing natural resources, endangered species, habitat, etc. Of the three current types of environmentalists—the foundation-controlled, the deep ecologists, and the eco-socialists—Arnold says, "we look for the middle ground, and that's the eco-socialists," whom he praises for their keen sense of economic justice. For example, while a New Conservationist may advocate a zero-cut policy in the national forests, he wouldn't fool himself into believing that a government program could retrain lifelong loggers into software programmers. According to St. Clair, both greens and natural resource workers may realize that "it comes down to connecting people to place" and that "you do that in the communities."

A New Conservationist may even resent the unemployment resulting from mainstream environmentalists' activism, which, as *Getting Rich* documents, is a flourishing industry. For instance, the Surdna Foundation, a member of the Environmental Grantmakers Association and an Andrus family foundation built with money from gold, oil, timber, and real estate businesses, approved a donation of $35,000 in April 1992 for Environment Now, which trains activists in filing appeals to stop federal Timber Harvest Plans. The foundation has also awarded $90,000 to the Sierra Club ('91-'92), $30,000 to the Oregon Natural Resources Council ('92-'93), $197,000 to the Wilderness Society ('90-'93), $175,000 to the Western Ancient Forest Campaign ('92-'93), $100,000 to the Audubon Society ('92-'93), and $357,000 to the Natural Resources Defense Council ('89-'93)—all of which have also filed appeals for "stopping timber harvests and log supplies to mills in the Sierra Nevada market area. Thirty-six sawmills in Northern California have shut down because of log shortages since 1990, rendering 8,000 unemployed."

"As a result," according to *Getting Rich*, "timber prices on Surdna Foundation's *private* lands have increased dramatically. Some of the Timber Harvest Plans that were appealed lie in the same watershed as the timberlands owned by Surdna Foundation and Andrus timber partners, yet no appeals were filed on the State Timber Harvest Plans submitted by Surdna Foundation under California law." During 1992-1993, *Getting Rich* also reports, the "Surdna Foundation realized $2.7 million income from its Northern California timberlands."

Rural populists have long objected to distant bureaucrats telling them how to be stewards of the land. Locally oriented greens alienated by groups trying to dominate all environmental politics—and making enemies of neighbors who may be ranchers, loggers, and miners in the process—may find many areas of common interest. Rozek is open to the notion. "Early on in the environmental movement we needed power and size," he says. "Having accomplished that we saw the results of centralization."

Rozek doesn't seem to be alone: since 1990, the Sierra Club, one of the environmental mainstream's most powerful organizations, has lost more than 50,000 members.

A former policy analyst with the Independent Institute, Jim Christie is a Seattle-based writer.

WOMEN

Bitch, Bitch, Bitch

by Laurie Morrow

Earlier this year, when Connie Chung duped Newt Gingrich's mother into confiding that Newt considered the First Lady a "bitch," victim feminists went into a frenzy. Gingrich's mother and father hardly expected this treatment from Chung, as they had spent eight hours treating her like a guest in their modest home (Gingrich's father had even baked Chung a cake). Had Newt's mom spat on the cross, there would have been fewer cries of outrage (and she might have gotten an NEA grant for performance art). Shocked—*shocked!*—into an acute case of the vapors by Newt's alleged use of an indelicacy, Woodstock-era media babes proclaimed their sensibilities offended and lamented that even now, men just cannot handle strong women.

This frenzied response to "bitch" rests on an evasion of the word's meaning. Consider, for example, Margaret Carlson's column in *Time*, "Muzzle the *B* Word": "Why," she puzzles, "should women be reduced to animals in heat?" In current slang, however, "bitch" has long been divorced from its literal, "doggy" meaning; a "bitch" is, rather, "a malicious, unpleasant, selfish woman, esp. one who stops at nothing to reach her goal" (*The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*). Rather than achieve her ends through honest and direct action, the bitch employs indirect tactics, such as whining, griping, or resorting to guile, e.g., urging a confidence she has no intention of keeping by saying, "Just whisper it to me." The insult "bitch" is thus actually worse than Carlson suggests, as it goes beyond mere dehumanization to evoke specific qualities of character and motive; by focusing on the word's literal meaning, victim feminists evade the more serious charge at the heart of the insult. To them, words matter more than deeds: instead of inquiring about the accuracy of the charge (*is* she a bitch?), victim feminists focus on the breach of etiquette (how *mean* he

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is to say so!).

Carlson deems "bitch" the "epithet of choice against uppity women . . . a reminder that women have not come such a long way." She claims that "there is no equivalent epithet about men. Bastard and son of a bitch have less sting, in part because society expects—and rewards—toughness in men." This same point was made by Barbara Ehrenreich, again in *Time* (apparently, calling you-know-who a "bitch" really yanked the chain of somebody at *Time*). Ehrenreich agreed with Carlson that neither "bastard" nor "s.o.b." has "anything like the force of bitch. The meanest things you can say about a man boil down to attacks on a woman: the mother insult, implying subhuman status and morals—and men can experience its sting only indirectly, at a generation's remove."

A similar point was made by Leona Helmsley on the *Sally Jessy Raphael* show: "When a man loses his temper, he is aggressive; I'm a pushy bitch. . . . Were I a man, I would be termed an 'excellent executive.'" Ironically, a few minutes later, Mrs. Helmsley blamed her tax problems on her employees, apparently unaware that an "excellent executive" hires competent help, supervises their work, avoids publicly criticizing them, and takes responsibility for their actions.

Contrary to the assumption of Carlson, Ehrenreich, and Helmsley, a man who fires an employee on Christmas Eve for a minor infraction (as Helmsley did) would not be considered an "excellent executive"; rather, he would be called a "bastard" or a "son of a bitch," which are terms of derision, not respect. Like "bitch," these terms indicate character defects involving a profound lack of human decency. Perhaps "bastard" and "son of a bitch" have "less sting" for Carlson and Ehrenreich because each knows these terms cannot be applied to her. (Among Dave Letterman's "Top 10 Good Things about Leona Helmsley" was: "Knows the first name of each of the hundreds of employees she arbitrarily fired.") While it is true that "bastard" and "s.o.b." attack a woman, the attack is launched *in addition to*, not *in place of*, the attack on the man; few men consider it more pleasant to have their mother insulted along with them than to be insulted alone. "Bastard" and "s.o.b." are also more offensive than "bitch" because they suggest inherent defects, whereas "bitch" alludes merely to the behavioral: one is a bastard by chance, but a bitch by choice.

How can you tell a bitch from a strong woman? Bitches bully others while simultaneously claiming victim status. Consider Madonna (whom David Koresh, by the way, called "the ultimate woman"): as a guest on David Letterman's show, she uttered a cable-only expletive 14 times and indulged in dull and vulgar dithering. When the American public was not charmed by her antics, Madonna whined that her failed performance was *Letterman*'s fault, as "he knew all along what [she] was going to do," and that she was "being punished for being a single female, for having power."

Or consider Roseanne, America's most beloved bitch—at least while her bitchiness was a comic persona. Men and women alike laughed at her assertion that "If the kids are still alive when my husband comes home, I've done my job," or how she and her husband found "birth control that really works: every night, before we go to bed, we spend an hour with our kids." Back then, Roseanne was able to laugh at herself, something bitches never do. Gradually, however, Roseanne's pseudo-bitchy persona became actualized, and the plots on her show are in danger of degenerating into self-pitying self-dramatization. Bitches suffer competitively, their pain always greater, their problems more significant, than yours. Nowadays, Roseanne's humor often issues from ludicrous pronouncements, such as those found in her autobiography *My Lives*: "I have my first memory of being molested by my mother at age six months," or "I survived my childhood by birthing many separate identities to stand in for one another in times of great stress and fear."

Certainly, successful women are sometimes unfairly characterized as bitches. Clement Freud, for example, used to call Margaret Thatcher "Atilla the Hen," and Secretary of State George Shultz said that "If I were married to her, I'd be sure to have dinner ready when she got home." Mrs. Thatcher laughed at the clever cracks, smiled politely at the stupid ones, and focused her attentions on doing her job rather than on reinventing her image.

Contrary to Carlson, not all upwardly mobile women are called "bitches," nor are all those who refer to obnoxious women as "bitches" men. The term is used by both sexes, and it refers not to the degree of a woman's ambition but to the spirit informing it. Truly strong women worry about equal opportunity and equal pay, not about being called names by people they don't esteem. Strong women are too busy accomplishing things to dawdle over their press clippings, and too self-confident to suggest muzzling the "b" word, or any word at all.

Try making a list of ten epithets used to describe a hated boss: you will probably find that most such terms refer primarily to men. Perhaps in the future we will develop new, female-directed insults to identify women we don't like. Then, when another First Lady decides she's the "Co-President" and starts bossing around elected officials, we can say she's "a genuine H.R.C." And when a female journalist uses a cutesy "just between you and me" to broadcast a mother-son confidence, we can identify her as "a real Chung."

Laurie Morrow is a professor of English at Louisiana State University and 1993-1995 Salvatori Fellow of the Heritage Foundation.

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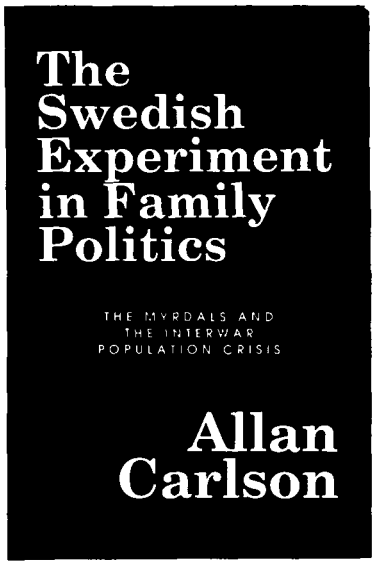

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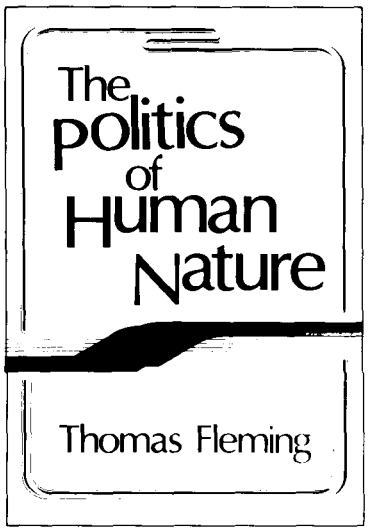

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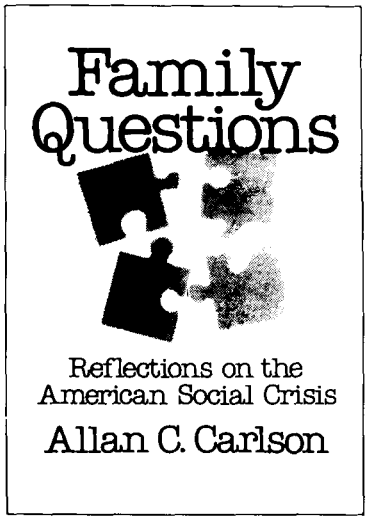

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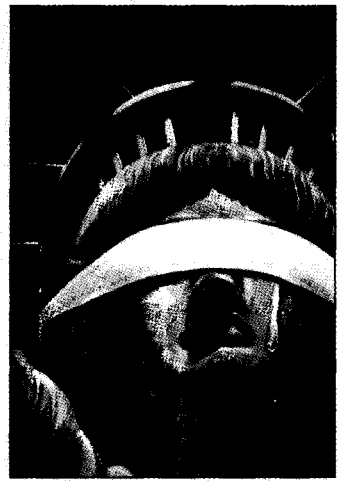

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